THE
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Embellished with,

I. Jupiter, *an Engraving by Scott, from a Painting by Ferneley.*

II. Greyhound Turning a Hare, *an Etching.*

JUPITER.

JUPITER, the subject of the present engraving, was bred by Colonel Thornton, got by Jupiter, out of Thatchella, and is own brother to Norval, late the property of Robert Andrews, Esq.—Jupiter, the sire, was got by Eclipse, out of the Tartar Mare, which was the dam of Venus, Mercury, Volunteer, Queen Mab, &c. Thatchella was got by Highflyer, dam by Marsk, out of Wildair's dam, by Steady, Partner, Greyhound, Makeless, &c.

Jupiter is a brown horse, with black legs, and free from white or any natural blemishes; and has bone, substance, and action, equal to any thorough-bred horse in the kingdom. He is a very sure foal getter; and his stock is very large and highly approved of.—He covers this season at the White Hart Inn, South Kilworth, near Lutterworth, at two guineas and a half each mare.

RACES APPOINTED IN 1812.

BEVERLEY. .... *June* 3
Bibury 9
Tenbury 10
Newton 10
Bath.................... 18
Newcastle, Northumberland .. 22
Nantwich 23
Lancaster 29

Preston	*July* 7
Ipswich	7
Newmarket July Meeting	13
Barnet	21
Irvine, Scotland	22
Knutsford	28
York	*August* 17
Egham	25
Lichfield	*Sept.* 8
Northampton	9
Kingscote	15
Leicester	16
Lincoln	16
Doncaster	21
Newmarket First October Meeting	28

IRELAND.

CURRAGH APRIL MEETING.

MONDAY, April 20.——The Kildare Stakes were won by Colonel Lumm's Norfolk, by Champion, beating Jeroboam, Sweetwilliam, and Black Bunbury — Two to 1 on Norfolk.—The 30gs. Stakes were also won by Norfolk.

Sweepstakes for the Gold Cup, and 200gs. each, p. p.—Four miles.
Mr. Browne's b. c. Pope, by Shuttle, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb... 1
Col. Loftus's b. h. Holyhock, by Master Bagot, aged, 9st.. 2

Sunbeam, 6 yrs old, 8st. 13lb.—Whitenose, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.—Fitzharding, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.—And Truant, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. paid forfeit.

Six and 7 to 4 on Pope.

Thursday, April 30.—Colonel Lumm's Norfolk, by Champion, 3 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. beat Mr. Bruen's (late Mr. Garforth's) ch. c. Oiseau, by Camillus, 2 yrs old, 7st. Three-year-Olds' Course, 200gs.

Six to 4 on Oiseau.

Friday, May 1.—Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, h. ft.—Three-year-Olds' Course, (one mile and a quarter.)
Mr. Browne's b. h. Pope, by Shuttle, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb... 1
Mr. Bruen's ch. c. Oiseau, by Camillus, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2
Mr. Browne's br. m. Lissy, by Swordsman, 5 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. 3
Mr. Caldwell's Fara-Multeen, by Commodore. 3 yrs old, 7st... pd.

Five and 6 to 4 on Pope.

It is said, that Mr. Browne of Rockville, (the owner of Pope), cleared, by the above events, 10,000gs.—And we understand, that a sum not less than 50,000gs. is depending between Pope and Norfolk, for the Kirwan Stakes to be run for at the Curragh in June next.—Holyhock, Sunbeam, Arthur, Miss Staveley, Whitenose, and thirty-six others, are named.

COCKING.

Chester.

IN the race-week, a long main of cocks was fought between Sir Peter Warburton, Bart. and Sir H. Mainwaring, Bart. for 10gs. a battle, and 200gs. the main, of which the following is a statement:—

Sir P. Warburton.	M.	B.
Monday	1	2
Tuesday	3	1
Wednesday	3	0
Thursday	4	1
Friday	4	1
	15	5

Sir H. Mainwaring.	M.	B.
Monday	4	0
Tuesday	3	0
Wednesday	3	1

Thursday

Thursday................	2	0
Friday	2	0
	14	1

ACCOUNT OF THE SCOTCH GAME OF CURLING.

[Extracted from a Description of the Game, written by a Member of the Duddingstone Curling Society, &c. near Edinburgh.]

THE Game of *Curling* may justly be regarded as one of the national amusements of Scotland. It is practised in the winter during the time of frost, and consists in sliding stones along the ice to a particular mark. It has some resemblance to the games of bowls and billiards.

The stones employed in it are made from blocks of whinstone, or granite, of a close texture, free from cracks, and capable of taking a fine polish. They are found in the beds of rivers, and on the seashore; sometimes not far removed from the shape which they are afterwards to assume. They are of a spherical form, flattened above and below, so that their breadth may be nearly equal to twice their thickness. The upper and under surfaces are made parallel to one another, and the angles of both are rounded off. The under surface, or sole, as it is called, is polished as nicely as possible, that the stone may move easily along. Sometimes the sole is hollowed out in the middle, and sometimes it is made a little convex; but that which is perfectly level is unquestionably the best. In many parts of the country there are always a few misshapen blocks employed in the game. These, when well placed by the vigorous arms of those who take the lead, can with difficulty be removed. At Duddingston, however, none are admitted into the game, but such as are of a spherical form, and properly made. When thus prepared, a handle is inserted into the upper surface, generally of iron, sometimes of wood, and sometimes also of wood, screwed into an iron standard fixed in the stone. They are from 30 to 60 lbs. avoirdupois weight, according to the strength of the person who uses them.

The *rink** is that portion of the ice which is allotted for conducting the game. The chief thing to be attended to in chusing a rink, is, that the ice be level, smooth, and free from cracks, particularly such as are in a longitudinal or oblique direction. If it be not level, the stones naturally deviate from their proper course, and the game becomes in a great measure a game of chance. The place for the rink being chosen, a mark is made at each end, called a *tee, toesee,* or *witter.* It is a small hole made in the ice, round which two circles of different diameters are drawn, that the relative distances of the stones from the tee may be calculated at sight, as actual measurement is not permitted till the playing at each end be finished. These circles, in the technical language of the game, are called the *broughs.* A score is then drawn across the rink, at each end, distant from the tee about a sixth part of the length of the rink. This is called the *hogscore,* and those stones which do not pass that line are, as it were, distanced, and thrown aside as useless. It is frequently made waving, to distinguish

* *Rink,* or *renk,* means a course, or race.

guish

guish it from any accidental scratch. The length of the rink varies from thirty to fifty yards, according to the intensity of the frost, and the smoothness of the ice. The breadth is about ten or twelve feet. When the ice is covered with snow it must be cleared to that extent, and also ten or twelve feet beyond the tee, at each end, that those stones, which are impelled with too much force, may have room to get far enough not to be of any use.

Formerly, that the players might be able to stand firm, when they threw the stones, they used to wear *crampits,* which are flat pieces of iron, with four sharp pikes below. They are bound to the sole of the shoe with a strap and buckle. But as the use of crampits is now very much laid aside, a longitudinal hollow is made to support the foot, close by the tee, and at right angles, with a line drawn from the one end of the rink to the other. This is called a *hack,* or *hatch.* Its situation is such, that, when discharging his stone, the player lifts it up, and makes it pass over the tee.

There are generally sixteen stones on a rink, each party having eight. At Duddingston, and in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, each player uses two stones, so that there are eight players on each rink, four against four. But in most other parts of the country, where curling is practised, curlers have only one stone a-piece; in which case there are sixteen on a rink, eight against eight. There may be one or more rinks, according to the numbers of curlers. In some great matches, in which different parishes contend with one another, no less than six rinks have been engaged at once. The game may also be conducted by one person against another, by two against two, or three against three, each using one or more stones, as it may be agreed upon.

He who is reckoned the best curler, has generally the power of arranging the order of the game; and whoever is last in order gives directions to all the rest of his party. He is called the *driver,* and the first the *lead.* The origin of which appellations is sufficiently obvious.

It is necessary, too, that each curler be provided with a broom, in order to sweep away any thing on the ice that may impede the progress of the stone.

At first, the game is remarkably simple. The lead endeavours to lay his stone as near the tee as possible. If it be a little short of it, upon the middle of the rink, it is reckoned to be fully better laid than if it touched it. The object of the next in order is nearly the same as that of the lead. When he attempts to strike away the stone of his antagonist, if he miss his aim, his stone will pass by, and be completely useless. But if he place his stone near the tee, without minding that of his antagonist, it has a chance of remaining there, and gaining a shot to his party. The object of the next in order is to guard the stone of his partner, if it be near the tee, or to strike off that of his antagonist, if it be nearer. The one who follows, if a stone belonging to his own party be nearest the tee, attempts to guard it; if one of the opposite party, to strike it off, or to make the stone rest as near the tee as possible, if no stone be near the tee.

As the game advances it becomes always more intricate. Sometimes the stone nearest the tee, which is called the *winner,* is so guarded that

that there is no possibility of getting at it directly. It then becomes necessary, in order to get it removed, to strike another stone lying at the side, in an oblique direction. This is one of the nicest parts of the game. But when the winner cannot be reached, even in this way, the last in order but one or two must then endeavour to remove the opposing stones, by striking them with great force. If each curler use two stones, the driver may clear the ice with his first stone, in order to get at the winner with his last. Sometimes the stones are situated in such a critical manner, that the driver, to avoid the risk of losing any shots which his party may have gained, throws away his stone without attempting any thing.

When the stones on both sides have been all played, the one nearest the tee counts one; and if the second, third, fourth, &c. belong to the same side, all these count so many shots; thirty-one of which, for each side, is the number usually played for.

From many concurring circumstances (which the author here enumerates), there is a very strong probability, that the game of curling was introduced into this country by the Flemings, in the fifteenth, or about the beginning of the sixteenth century. It is well known, that in the reigns of Henry V. and VI. of England, and James I. of Scotland, many of them came over to this country, and settled as mechanics and manufacturers in our towns and villages, which had been much depopulated during the destructive wars betwixt the two kingdoms. Then, however, it must have been in a very imperfect state, and probably had a nearer resemblance to the game of quoits.

Curling is said to have been carried into Ireland by the Scottish colonies who were planted there, so early as the reign of James I. of England. In that country, however, it seems now to be completely unknown. It has made its appearance in some of the northern counties of England; and, within these few years, has even found its way to the capital of the British empire. There, the first essay was made upon the New River; but the crowd of spectators, attracted by such a novel spectacle, becoming very great, the ice threatened to give way, and the curlers were with reluctance compelled to desist. Whether it has again been attempted, and with what success, we have not been able to learn. It has not been confined within the boundaries of Europe; it has been carried over the Atlantic, and established in the frozen regions of North America. This information was communicated by a gentleman who was himself engaged in curling at Quebec. There, on account of the length and severity of the winter, it bids fair to attain a degree of celebrity unexampled in the milder climate of Scotland.

Pennant, in his Tour in Scotland, in 1792, thus describes the game.—" Of all the sports of these parts, that of curling is a favourite, and one unknown in England. It is an amusement of the winter, and played on the ice, by sliding from one mark to another great stones of 40lbs. to 70lbs. weight, of an hemispherical form, with an iron or wooden handle at top. The object of the player is to lay his stone as near the mark as possible, to guard that of his partner

partner which had been well laid before, or to strike off that of his antagonist."

Curling has never been universal in Scotland. But in some places where it once was, it is now no more; while in others, it is flourishing as much as it ever did, at any former period. And, in many parishes, the number of players is double of what it was half a century ago. When the nobility resided upon their estates in this country, it was one of their favourite amusements. A challenge was sent from one baron to another, to engage in a match with their respective tenants. The gentry in the country still partake of this interesting amusement. Matches are made up in a great variety of ways. One parish challenges another to contend with them upon some pond, or lake, or river, in the neighbourhood. And when the same parishes contend more than once, the conquerors in the last contest, have generally the privilege of choosing the place where they are to play next. Sometimes one part of a parish challenges another, or the married men those who are unmarried. Some districts too, have long been distinguished for their dexterity in the art, and at present, perhaps, none more so than the upper and middle wards of Lanarkshire, and certain parts of Dumfries-shire.

There are few amusements which excite more interest than the game of curling. In the severest weather, a good curler, while engaged in his favourite amusement, feels no cold. In playing himself, and assisting his partner with the broom, he finds sufficient exercise to keep him warm. It must, therefore be highly conducive to health; and being performed at a time when the labours of the field are at a stand, and when several mechanical employments cannot be carried on, it gives little interruption to business. It brings men together in social intercourse; it enlarges and strengthens the ties of friendship, and enlivens the dreary hours of winter with festivity and happiness.

THEATRICALS.

A New Opera, called *The Devil's Bridge*, was brought out at the LYCEUM Theatre on the 9th inst. The plot, though somewhat interesting, has nothing of novelty to recommend it.

The ground-work of the story is a private marriage between a person of consideration and a young lady of whom he was enamoured, and the effects of their mutual attachment is an interesting infant, who was confided to the care of a faithful peasant in Sicily, who educates the child as his own. The mother, after many perilous adventures, arrives at the cottage, from whence, with her son, she is conveyed to the village to protect them from the machinations of those who are in pursuit of the child. After a variety of adventures, the parties are finally restored to each other, though many obstacles interpose, and the piece happily concludes.

The author has paid much attention to the interest of this piece; nor has he been inattentive to the necessary relief of humour, quaint observation, and smart repartee; and as a vehicle for song, it is entitled to commendation. Mr. Braham has a prominent character;—that his singing was most excellent, it is scarce necessary to remark,

mark, because this great master is never heard but to enrapture the ear; but it is due to him to say, that as an actor also he acquitted himself with considerable effect.—Mrs. Dickons likewise delighted the audience with her sweet strains, and her acting received the most marked attention and applause.—Mrs. Bland, Miss Kelly, Lovegrove, Raymond, Decamp, and Oxberry, were each very effective; and the first essay of a new performer had much promise. The opera encountered some opposition, but it has nevertheless been performed many nights since with considerable approbation.

A NEW Farce was represented at the same Theatre, on Thursday, the 21st inst. called *How to die for Love!*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Baron	Mr. Penson.
Bloomingfield	Mr. Wrench.
Turnwhit	Mr. Decamp.
Trap	Mr. Knight.
Trick	Mr. Oxberry.
Charlotte	Miss Kelly.

The plot turns upon the singular resolution of *Charlotte*, who is besieged by two lovers, to prefer him only who shall remain the longest upon the demesne of the *Baron*: hence arises numerous artifices between *Bloomingfield* and *Turnwit*, to induce each other to quit the premises. At length a mock quarrel is excited by one of the parties, which is seriously adopted by the other, when they both fire, and *Turnwit* falls; upon which *Bloomingfield*, who supposes his rival mortally wounded, escapes to save his life; during which time the *Baron* and *Charlotte* come to inquire into the nature of the *fracas*; when *Turnwit*, hearing that *Bloomingfield* had passed the boundary, jumps up elated, and claims the hand of *Charlotte*.

This piece is pregnant with ludicrous bustle, and is altogether dependent upon the force of *incident* for its success. It causes much laughter, and that is the main end for which farces were designed. It is a translation from Kotzebue's German farce of *Blind Geladen*.

The author's humour was highly relished by the audience, and it will long be a favourite with the public.

ACCOUNT OF THE DOGS AND CATS OF EGYPT.

From Dormer's Travels.

FEW towns in the world contain so many dogs as Egypt, or at least there are none that appear to contain more, because they are constantly assembled in the streets, their only habitation, feeding on what they can get, studiously neglected by the Mahometans, beat and butchered without mercy, lean and mangy, yet never mad. Mr. D.'s account of them may serve as a specimen of his style.

"The dogs of Egypt are a race of large greyhounds, which would be very handsome if they were taken more care of, or even if they were less cruelly treated. In losing the elegance of their make, they should, methinks, no longer possess even the impression of those qualities which every where else render them so worthy of notice. Nevertheless, their instinct though perhaps decayed, is not destroyed. They are seen going and coming in the most frequented streets, and avoiding to touch the clothes of the passengers with an attention truly curious,

vious, and far more interesting than that of the imbecile Mussulman, who, at their approach, turns aside his robe. They even watch over the safety of their executioners. They are the terror of thieves upon the wharfs, boats, and timber; and in the interior of the town, goods are intrusted to their vigilance. An admirable instinct, a natural inclination to make themselves useful to man, induce them to assume a superintendance which nobody confides to them, nobody points out to them, and it would be impossible to approach the charge that is surrounded by these voluntary guardians. But what is no less singular is, that these dogs never quit the quarter in which they were born. They form distinct tribes, which have limits they never exceed. Should one dog go into another quarter, he would soon be attacked by the whole strange tribe, and would find it no easy matter to escape from their clutches. The Bedouins, who in all respects are far less superstitious than the Turks, keep large greyhounds, which also watch round their tents, but they take the greatest care of them, and they love them to such a degree, that to kill a Bedouin's dog would be to expose one's own life. With the most decided, as well as the most unjust aversion for a species of animals, which, without hopes of imitating them, man has constituted the symbol of unalterable attachment and fidelity, the Turks have a great fancy for cats; to them the alluring figure of the cat appears preferable to the docility, the exquisite instinct, and the discerning fidelity of the dog. Mahomet was very partial to cats. It is related, that being called up on some important and urgent business, he preferred cutting off the sleeve of his robe, to waking the cat that lay upon it fast asleep. Nothing more was necessary to bring these animals into high request, if in other respects their extreme cleanliness, the lustre and polish of their skin, their mild and quiet disposition, their gentle and cautious caresses, did not render them amicable creatures in the eyes of the Mussulmen.

"A cat may even enter a mosque; it is caressed there as the favourite animal of the Prophet; while the dog that should dare appear in the temples, would pollute them with his presence, and would be punished with instant death. But, compelled to avoid man, to whom he would wish to devote his domestic qualities, and the perfection of his instinct, no dog is tempted to go into places, where the Musselmen are gathered together; they would there neither find friend to accompany, nor master to follow.

In ancient Egypt, cats were held in great veneration, but dogs in still more. In any house where a cat died a natural death, (for no person killing a cat, even involuntarily, could escape a capital punishment), the inhabitants shaved their eyelids only; but upon the death of a dog, they shaved their head and their whole body. Cats that happened to die, were buried at Bubastis, a considerable city in Lower Egypt. These honours and prerogatives were not merely a matter of fancy, they had a great political end, the interest and substance of a whole people. It was necessary to put under the protection of the law a species of animals, whose defence against the prodigious multitudes of rats and mice with which Egypt is infested, was absolutely indispensible.

THE

THE PRAISE OF DRUNKENNESS.

Continued from last Number, page 6.

CHAP. XXVIII.—RULES TO BE OBSERVED AN GETTING DRUNK.—I. NOT TOO OFTEN.—II. IN GOOD COMPANY.

TO avoid the disorders that drunkenness might cause, here are some rules that ought to be observed in this important affair of getting drunk; for, according to Pliny, the art of getting drunk has its laws.

Hac ars suis legibus constat.

I. The first, and principal of these, is not to get drunk too often. This is what Seneca recommends very much. "You must not," says he, "do it often, for fear it grow into a habit; it is but only sometimes you should make your spirits gay in banishing gloomy sobriety."

And if any person objects, that if one gets drunk sometimes, one shall do it often, I deny the consequence, and say in the words of the philosopher, an axiom held by both universities, that

Ab actu ad habitum non valet consequentia.

II. Second rule. One must not get drunk but in good company. That is to say, with good friends, people of wit, honour, and good humour, and where there is good wine. For example, a man in former times would have done very ill to get drunk with Heliogabalus, whose historian reports, that after having made his friends drunk, he used to shut them up in an apartment, and at night let loose upon them lions, leopards, and tigers, which always tore to pieces some of them. On the other hand, the best wine in the world will taste very bad in bad company. It is therefore that Martial reproaches one, that he spoiled his good wine with his silly babbling.

——— Verbis mucida vina facis.

CHAP. XXIX.—THIRD RULE, WITH GOOD WINE.

WHEN one has a mind to get drunk, one should make choice of good wine, and not drink bad, which is prejudicial to health. For example, green wine is very bad; this Guilleaume Cretin, a great punster, has expressed in these verses, which, I own, I am not able to put into English:—

"Par ce vin verds Atropos a trop os
Des corps humains ruez envers en vers
Dont un quidam apre aux pots a propos
A fort blamè les tours pervers en vers."

Good wine, on the contrary, has very good effects. Erasmus preserved himself from the plague, by drinking a glass of Burgundy at a proper season.

You see now the efficacy of good wine, which, to be in its perfection, the adepts in the free-schools of Liber Pater say, must have these four properties, and please these four senses:—the taste by its savour, the smell by its flavour, the sight by its clean and bright colour, and the ear by the fame of the country where it grows. Old wine was looked upon to be the best by the ancients.

A beauty, when advanc'd in age,
No more her lovers can engage;
But wine, the rare advantage knows,
It pleases more, more old it grows.

And were they never so old themselves, they would still, if possible, have the wine older than they were.

Martial says, "Do you ask me of what consulate this wine is? It

It was before there were any consuls in the world.

"De sinuessanis venerunt massica prælis:
Condita quo quœris consule? nullus erat."

At present the fame of the best wine in Europe is reckoned to be that of Monte Fiascone, two days journey from Rome. Here it was a German abbot killed himself by drinking too much of this delicious creature. The story is this, and it is related in Lassell's Travels:—

A certain German abbot, travelling to Rome, ordered his servant to ride before him, and when he found the best wine, to chalk upon the door of the inn (in order to save time) the word *EST*. Coming to Monte Fiascone, he found it so excellent, that he put down, *Est, Est, Est,* which the abbot finding true, drank so plentifully of it, that he went no further on his journey, but lies buried, they say, in the cathedral church, with this epitaph, written by his servant the purveyor.

Est, Est, Est,
et
Propter nimium Est,
Herus meus Dominus Abbas
mortuus Est.

The wine called Lachrymæ Christi, or the Tears of Christ, is a most delicious wine. At least a master of arts of the university of Cologn thought so, who going also to Rome, drank at the same place pretty heartily of it, and out of the abundance of his heart cried out,

Utinam Christus lachrymatus fuisset in nostria patria.

I wish Christ had shed tears in our country.

M. Hofman believes, that Rhenish wine is the best of all wines for one's health.

There grow also most excellent wines in France, such as Champagne.

Wenceslaus, king of Bohemia and the Romans, being come into France on account of some negociations with Charles the Sixth, arrived at Rheims in the month of March, 1397. When he was in that city he found the wine so good, that he got drunk more than once; and being one day in that condition, that he could not enter into any serious discourses, he rather chose to grant what was asked of him than leave off drinking.

The wines of Burgundy must not be forgotten, which some prefer to Champagne. "Baudius called vin de beaulne, vinum deorum, the wine of the gods."

The wines of Ai are also very excellent. S. Evremont says, that Leo the Tenth, Charles the Fifth, Francis the First, and Henry the Eighth, King of England, did not think it below their dignity, amongst the most important affairs of state, to take care to have the wines of Ai. Henry IV. caused himself to be styled lord of Ai and Gonesse.

But I shall desire my readers here to observe two things, first, that artificial wines, and so many other liquors, containing a great deal of gross, viscous matter, excite a drunkenness more long and dangerous than that which is produced by ordinary wines. Another thing is, never to get drunk with brandy, spirits, and strong waters. Patin says very pleasantly, that these are sugared poisons which surely kill: they give life to those who sell them, and death to those who use them.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXX.—FOURTH RULE, AT CONVENIENT TIMES.

THOUGH one must not get drunk every day, one may, notwithstanding, on certain occasions. One must sometimes unbend the mind.

Neque semper arcum tendit Apollo.

And when a man puts on t... of a philosopher, it is then he t... s fool in affecting to be wise.

There is a time for all things, and so there is in getting drunk, that is, getting drunk with decency and decorum; and there are some times which are not convenient to do so. As for example, (for I love to illustrate what I advance), it does not suit with decorum for a judge to be drunk on the bench; nor a crier in the court exercising his office, [hiccup, ki—— book;] a parson in the pulpit; an experimental philosopher in shewing of his gimcracks; nor a freemason on the top of a church-steeple.

But it suits very well with strict decorum, to get drunk at a public rejoicing after a signal victory.

When the proud Gaul sustain'd an overthrow
By the immortal MARLBOROUGH,
Ever invincible! then you and I,
My Thirsis, shar'd the common joy.
Blenheim and Ramillies were then our song,
The day tho' short, the night was long,
Till both with mighty claret glow'd,
And tipsy, to our beds were shew'd.

We may also very decently get drunk with a friend we have not seen a long while.

Here 'tis——O welcome, flask divine,
How bright does thy vermillion shine!
Thou charming native of Dijon,
At thy approach my cares are flown,
Sad melancholy is no more,
Which rack'd and plagu'd my soul before.
Whether thy influence incites,
(Sweet influence) to soft delights;
Or else dost other measures keep,
And gently urge to peaceful sleep;
O may'st thou still such streams bestow,
Still with such ruddy torrents flow.
Damon, this bottle is your due,
And more I have in store for you,
Under the sun the faithful'st friend;
I've kept them for no other end.
Drink then a bumper, 'tis a folly,
Dear Damon, to be melancholy.

However rigorous the Roman laws were against drunkenness, they permitted it nevertheless on their festivals; witness what a young man said to his father in presence of the people. "No father," says he, "I have no reason to be ashamed for having taken a little more wine than ordinary at a feast with my companions."

The Persian soldiers, who otherwise lived very soberly, were permitted to get drunk once a year.

In Georgia, he who did not get quite drunk at their principal holidays, as at Easter and Christmas, was not looked upon to be a christian, and ought to be excommunicated. So that, according to this, getting drunk at certain convenient times amongst these christians, was so far from being unlawful, that a man was not looked upon to be orthodox, without he did so. Getting drunk is therefore very orthodox.

XXXI.—FIFTH RULE, TO FORCE NO ONE TO DRINK.

IT is very ridiculous and unreasonable to force any one to drink, because the taking away liberty spoils company, the benefit of which cannot subsist without freedom. Besides, every man's capacity of drinking is not the same; one

one shall be able to drink a gallon, and another pint; the latter, therefore, by drinking a pint, has drank as much as the former when he has taken off his gallon, because they both have drank as they can, and ——— Ferdinando ——— No man can do more than he can do. Let every man, therefore, have the liberty to drink as he pleases, without being tied up to the mad laws of drinking.

We learn from history, that there was an ancient law amongst the Persians, that forbade any one to force another to drink. The Lacedemonians also had that laudable custom.

Charlemagne also made a law, that prohibited forcing any one to drink.

Mr. Bayle reports a very pleasant revenge that M. Peyren gave to Raphael Thorius, a very learned person, who would force him to drink, which take as follows:—"M. Peyren dining at London with several persons of learning, could not be discharged from drinking a health that Dr. Thorius toasted. The glass was of a prodigious size, which M. Peyren, for that reason, a long while refused, and alleged a thousand reasons, but all in vain; he must empty the glass. Before he did it he made this agreement with his antagonist, that he should drink a health afterwards that he should toast to him; which being consented to, he took off the bumper, and filled the glass full of water, and drank it off to the doctor, who thereupon was thunderstruck, but seeing he could not get off, sighed deeply, and lifted the glass a thousand times to his lips, and as often drew it back again: he called to his assistance all the quaint sayings of the Greek and Latin poets, and was almost the whole day drinking that cursed bumper."

This is not much unlike what M. Chevreau reports of Marigni, who, "after having dined at one of the best eating-houses in Frankfort, with six or seven persons of quality, was called to the sideboard, [illegible] one of them began the em[illegible]s health. This he must drink, and as he foresaw very well that this extravagance would be attended with others, he ordered three or four great pieces of bread to be brought to him, and having eaten half of one to the health of the king of France, he gave the other half to the other, who took it, indeed, but would not so much as put it to his mouth. The company, surprised at so unexpected a novelty, let him alone without any contradiction."

Nevertheless, one should be very diligent in observing this rule, which is, that when we find ourselves in the company of people that drink, and would not run those lengths they are going to do, to retire; and this was a standing law amongst the Greeks in their festivals, and ought to be as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, viz.

Drink, or go about your business.

CHAP. XXXII.—SIXTH RULE, NOT TO PUSH DRUNKENNESS TOO FAR.

It is certain, that to do well, we ought continually to have an eye to this maxim of Horace, viz. *Est modus in rebus,* and the *Ne quid nimis* of Terence; but especially, in this grand and most important affair of drunkenness. Seneca very well

will distinguishes two sorts of drunkenness, one which entirely *buries* our reason; and the other, which only *diverts* melancholy and chagrin. The last we believe to be very lawful; but we would have it go farther, even so far, as not only to *divert*, but to *drive away* our cares entirely, or else not to get drunk at all. That which [illegible] between these, if any such there can be, does one an injury, according to the poet:—

Aut nulla ebrietas, aut tanta sit ut tibi curas
Eripiat, si quæ est inter utramque nocet.

After this manner would we have people use the juice of the grape; that is, to go so far as to make our hearts merry, gay, and sprightly, and so as to forget our cares.

It would be here useless so shew, by a great many examples, the disorders that drunkenness has caused, when pushed too far, because it was never the intention of this work, but to divert (as wine was designed to do) and make merry; I shall therefore conclude the whole with an Ode to Bacchus, *(which our readers will find inserted in the Poetical department of this Magazine).*

ARGUMENT ON THE GAME LAWS.

Court of King's Beach, April 29.

The King *v.* Earnshaw.

THIS was a conviction of Magistrates in the county of Durham, under the Game Laws, whereby the defendant was adjudged to pay a certain penalty, pursuant to the 5th of Anne, for using dogs called Lurchers to kill game, viz. to kill hares, he not being duly qualified according to that Statute.

It was proved before the Magistrates, that the defendant was out with certain dogs, of the description abovenamed, and being with such dogs out hunting, did kill several hares, whereupon he was convicted as aforesaid.

This day it came on to be argued by Writ of Certiorari, whether the defendant ought to be convicted.

The objections taken to the conviction were three. First, that the defendant was in the company of a person qualified to hunt, whose dogs were hunting, and that being therefore to be considered but as in the quality of an attendant, he was not comprehended within the meaning of the Act. Secondly, that the conviction did not negative the fact of the defendant being qualified; and thirdly, that the information did not comprise the offence according to the forms prescribed by the statute.

Of these objections, the second only was considered by the Court fit to be discussed, their opinion going in favour of the defendant upon the other two.

In support of this objection it was contended, that the onus lay upon the defendant to shew that he was qualified; that is, that he was in possession, either in his own right, or in right of his wife, of lands of a certain value, or of property to a certain amount, in obedience to the said statute, and that not having so shewn, he was rightly convicted.

In reply, it was maintained, that the information did not charge the negative of that circumstance, according to the letter and spirit of the Act of Anne, and of this opinion was the Court, wherefore the information was quashed.

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THE RUMP AND DOZEN.

Court of Common Pleas, April 29.

Hussey *v.* Crickett.

IN this case, Mr. Serjeant Vaughan had obtained a Rule to shew cause* why the verdict for plaintiff should not be set aside, and a nonsuit entered.

Mr. Serjeant Best appeared, to shew cause against the Rule.

The Lord Chief Justice, when he opened the notes which he had taken of the case, said, the Court had now to consider a wager of such a kind as he hoped would never appear in the presence of a Court of Justice again. It happened, that, on the 29th of May, 1809, the parties in the case, accompanied by several of their friends, had a merry meeting at a tavern, and a conversation taking place between Hussey and Crickett concerning their ages, it was mutually agreed, that a day should be appointed for the examination of their ages, and whoever should happen to be oldest, was to pay for a certain kind of dinner, called the "Rump and Dozen;" they parted, and a day being appointed by the intervention of some of their comrades, the party met, to the number of eight persons, but Crickett did not appear; upon which the plaintiff produced the certificate of his age, and, by the stipulation of the bargain, the defendant was declared to have forfeited the price of their entertainment.

In the evidence of Hurd, one of the party, it appeared, that the witness was very anxious for a dinner, and accordingly ordered it, and paid the bill, for which he was reimbursed by Hussey. They were all school-fellows, and when the agreement was made, it was signed by both parties. He considered the "Rump and Dozen" to imply a good dinner, with as much wine to cool it as could be conveniently drank. The bill amounted to 18l. including the attendance of waiters.

By the evidence of Keen, another of the party, it appeared, that he was deputed by Crickett to fix a day and place where the party might meet for dinner. It had been expressly stipulated, that both parties were to appear at table with certificates of their ages, and whoever was oldest had to account to the landlord.

Upon the whole of the evidence his Lordship observed, that Hurd had paid the dinner, without the approbation of Crickett, and when the trial approached its termination, he had scruples in his own mind upon the propriety of maintaining the cause.

Mr. Serjeant Best, in shewing cause against the Rule, observed, that the parties made the wager of such a nature, that it could not be known who should pay the dinner until the entertainment was over. But upon consideration of his case, Crickett endeavoured to shuffle himself from the responsibility, though it had been manifestly proved that he had assented to the bargain, and also that he had permitted the dinner to be ordered. Hussey, by partaking of the dinner, had rendered himself responsible to pay it, though he certainly possessed the right to sue the defendant for the expences.

The Lord Chief Justice said, he did not altogether comprehend what

* See Vol. 39, pages 112. 179.

what "Rump and Dozen" was; by the evidence it appeared an indefinite entertainment.

Mr. Serjeant Best said, "Why, my Lord, we had a most competent judge, the landlord, before us, who described it as a comfortable dinner, where a roasted goose displayed herself smoaking under the nose at one end of the table; and as much good wine as a man could conveniently carry away with him. Concerning the law of the case, he would argue that it was not an unlawful wager.

The Lord Chief Justice said, he ought not to have tried such a ridiculous wager; but it was needless to repine; here it stood before him.

Mr. Serjeant Vaughan, in support of the application, said, that the very name of—"Rump and Dozen" smacked of immorality. Here an assembly of eight hungry persons determined to make Crickett maintain them for one day, in which they drank no less than fifteen bottles of wine. The bet, he would maintain, was illegal, because it was indefinite, and even the landlord himself could describe the—"Rump and Dozen" as only a feast, where so much meat and wine was partaken of, as they could conveniently carry away. Now, how was it possible to gauge the belly, to discover what load it would carry away? By being a provocation to gluttony and drunkenness, the bet was immoral; and, besides, there appeared three shillings in the bill for anchovy toast, to provoke thirst, so that drunkenness might follow. Every person who knew Crickett, would describe him as a gentleman who had furnished too many unnecessary "Rumps and Dozens" to people, but who felt himself in no wise disposed to pay for the meat and merriment of other men, who had run him into high expences during his absence from London. The case of a game of Hazard was thrown out of the Court by Lord Loughborough; and the reason why a case in the game of Backgammon was entertained in the Court, was, because it was a wager made upon a lawful game. Upon the whole, therefore, he would assert, that the case could not be maintained, and that the verdict should be annulled.—Rule refused.

ON QUICK DRIVING.

WE have long had it in contemplation to deliver our opinion upon this subject, and an accident which had nearly deprived the public of the *advantage* of our labours, has induced us to execute our intentions without delay.

Ever since the fatal accident that happened to the companion of the Princess of Wales, there has not a week passed over our heads without some accident, in consequence of quick driving. It is true, that the account which records the accident, records also the humanity shown to the suffering party. The owner of the carriage orders the wounded or mutilated person to be taken the utmost care of, and to have the best medical advice. But would not the humanity that is shewn *after* the accident, be more real if it were shewn in preventing it? Suppose the ladies were to dress a little sooner, and go a little slower. Why will they drive so fast? Are they afraid that they shall be too late to treasure the last wish, to catch the last sigh of some dying friend? Dear and sacred

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motive, that might not only palliate but justify their speed! But no! it is only to dissipate or diminish, possibly to increase, *ennui*, at some favourite Opera or some suffocating rout: yet, would the *ennui* be lessened by having paid some regard to the lives and limbs of his Majesty's subjects? But it is the speed of a legislator anxious to reach the house before the division: Good and attentive legislator! But suppose he went slower and sooner, and was present at the debate, instead of being present only at the division!

Humanity and delicacy are the characteristics of our females—they cannot have considered the subject, and the moment they do, they will abstain, we are sure, from doing that which "nought enriches them, and makes others poor indeed." Let them figure for a moment to their imagination the possible, nay, the probable consequence to a whole family by this thoughtless practice of quick driving. Let them paint the industrious son and the careful father returning to his family after his day's labour, and killed or wounded by the hoofs of the horses or the wheels of the carriages. What can their subsequent and supplementary humanity effect? The man's family live upon his daily labours—remove or suspend them and the whole family is ruined. Is the misery repaired by the gratuitous extension of surgical aid? The man is thrown out of employment, without taking into the calculation the pains, bodily and mental, he suffers during his confinement.

Don't let them shelter themselves under the excuse that their horses are of such fine quality, that they cannot be restrained. The best horse is as obedient to the rein as the worst, and will go the pace his driver dictates. And let it be recollected, that at night more particularly, it is impossible often to get out of the way quick enough, the moons of the carriages being so dazzling as to blind the foot passenger, rather than protect or direct them.

There is one other trifling consideration, and with that we shall conclude. If there were a moral certainty that quick driving could do no injury to the foot passenger, there is at least a probability that it may risk the lives or limbs of the persons in the carriages, from the very great likelihood of the pole breaking, the wheel coming off, or one of the horses falling.

BOXING.

THE first match which excited the attention of the amateurs of boxing this spring, took place on Tuesday, the 5th of May, in a thirty-feet roped ring, in a meadow belonging to Mr. Newman a farmer, on the London side of Hayes turnpike, Middlesex: the seat of action having been first chosen in a meadow which contained also a *church*, and although the *communion plate* consisted of portable articles, as is tolerably well understood, and many of the *groupe* were not very delicate in their distinction betwixt *meum et tuum*, yet there were other ostensible reasons for moving it from thence, exclusive of the *church being in danger*.

The candidates for a subscription purse of twenty-five guineas, were THOMAS MALTBY, the conqueror of George Crib, at Thistleton Gap, weight 12st. 6lb. and THOMAS COPE, an adventurer from the neigh-

neighbourhood of Shrewsbury, 13st. 1lb. of a respectable family, whose imagination led him in his zeal, to anticipate even the *Championship* of England. The combatants were intimate friends, and the maxim of the vulnerable Big Ben was adopted, when he challenged the hitherto invincible Tom Johnson in these words, "*Thee and I never quarrelled Tom, and what's the reason we should not fight?*" At one o'clock the combatants stripped for *glory*, and Maltby was rather the favourite, but betting was very slack, the one man being unknown, and few were present who had witnessed Maltby exhibit at Thissleton Gap. Sir H. Smith, Bart. and Colonel Mellish, were the umpires, and the seconds were Richmond and Tom Jones for Cope, and Cropley and Norton for Maltby.

The battle will be better conveyed to the amateur by a general description, as we have not to recount any specimens of science, although plenty of hard hitting took place. The first round lasted five minutes and a half, and was as obstinately contested as that betwixt Dogherty and Silverthorne at Coombe Warren, which latter round, however, did not last so long, although more blows were exchanged. Cope made play by two heavy hits left and right, the latter of which told. Maltby, although he did not attempt to *stop*, was unable to *return* from the weight of the hit. A second meeting instantly followed, and a very determined rally took place, in which Maltby received a straight left-handed hit in the mouth, which never ceased to bleed during the combat. The men hit each other away, until they had not a hit left, but they returned to a third meeting, and rallied and exchanged hits until they were both exhausted, against the ropes which formed the ring. Cope had much the best of the round, although he had *got* some smart appearances of right-handed body blows. A trial of strength took place for the fall, and Cope had another advantage in throwing his man, although he fell with him.

This round was worth some modern battles, and the *Willow-Walk menagerie* never produced two *buffers* with appetite more *gluttonous* for devouring. The second round was also most obstinately contested, and some smart, heavy hits were exchanged, until the mouths of the combatants were gasping for breath, and they again stood and hit until they had not a hit left, and both irregularly went down. In the rally in this round, Cope received a heavy left-handed hit, which nearly closed his eye. He, however, had the best of the fight until the fifth round; and had Maltby not possessed the game exemplified by Gully or Gregson at Newmarket, he must have been beat in the latter part of the third round. He received a very heavy blow at the back of the neck in going down, which hit the senses away from him for several minutes, and Cope was backed to win at *two* to *one*. Maltby, however, had knocked up his adversary's right eye completely, and he recovered himself and had the best of the combat ever after. Cope laboured under great disadvantage from the eye being closed, and had received numberless good body hits, which, together, rendered him unable to rise off his second's knee after the eleventh round, the battle having lasted twenty-five minutes.

Maltby shewed himself the best fighter

fighter, and certainly of superior *game*. Cope shewed bottom also, but there were slight circumstances occurred during the battle, which gave Maltby a priority in that irresistible *requisite* in a boxer. Cope managed well whilst he *led*, but had he had as much the worst of the battle after fighting ten minutes as his antagonist, it was the opinion of the real judges of *fistic* sport, that the combat would have been of short duration. Cope had too much flesh about him; but although it was what may be termed a good fight, that is to say, such as two sturdy fellows would make in the street, who had not the gift of science, yet a scientific professor, of any thing like equal weight, would make an easy conquest of either. Maltby, however, has some slight notion of the *stop*, and is quite as good as Crib was in his first battle. He is very young, and possesses game equal to any man, and fights with both hands; and with these favourable gifts, he is likely to become formidable on the boxing list: but the writer cannot encourage the beaten man with hopes of ever being a *teazer* in the *gymnastic* line. He is not of the make to excel in boxing, however determined. He is altogether too slow and heavy, and has a bad head for receiving much hitting.—Both the combatants were much beat; but Cope was hit much about the temples, and on the left side of the body.

After the battle between Maltby and Cope, another, which afforded a high treat to the spectators, took place in the neighbourhood of Southall, at the close of the evening, betwixt Charles Brannam, a light fistic professor, of eight stone, and a countryman about forty, of considerable powers, and whose game exceeded that of any dog ever produced from the Willow-Walk menagerie. The countryman had been sacrificing freely at Whitbread's and Deady's mixt, and whilst vauntingly recounting the battles he had won at the door of an Inn, where a party of gentlemen amateurs were dining, Master Brannam, in rhetoric *elegant* on a fighting day, denied the truth of his assertions by flatly giving him the lie, which the *gin* and *beer* could not brook, and the countryman staked 2l. to fight for, and Charley's *cly* being clean, the dinner party backed him, and a fight took place, with Ford for Brannam's second, and Norton for the countryman.

The countryman, as might have been expected, was a complete novice, and his antagonist shewed off at his head, which was soon disfigured, and he got more sober. On receiving a *rattler* in the neck, after fighting about three quarters of an hour, and bleeding like a *stuck pig*, when on his second's knee he turned his head, and with grave aspect observed, "This eant the man as I just was a fiten we." This produced the greatest merriment imaginable; but although the countryman fought another half hour, he still persisted at the commencement of every round that his antagonist was neither the man he challenged, nor the one he first began to fight with. He, at length, was asked by a *wag*, if he had a wife who had the means of undertaking his funeral? he replied he had, as well as children, and he thought it was best to let the matter rest there; but he was hideously disfigured. The amateurs, however, generously rewarded the object of their merriment.

MR.

MR. TRIST'S STATEMENT TO THE PUBLIC,

In Refutation to the Charge of being concerned with Dawson in poisoning the Horses at Newmarket.

I Have hitherto been prevented from laying before the public a plain and simple statement of facts, which must convince every unprejudiced mind of my entire innocence of the heavy charges preferred against me by an infamous self-convicted offender, on the trial of Dawson, for poisoning the race-horses, which took place at the late Cambridge Assizes.

Most anxious, indeed, have I felt to get this statement prepared and substantiated. I am well aware of the effects which Bishop's evidence, in which my name was involved, has necessarily produced to my injury; but the absence of some of the persons whose affidavits were essential to my exoneration, has rendered a delay of some continuance unavoidable, and in the mean time I have been suffering under the most poignant sensations;—sensations scarcely rendered tolerable even by the consciousness of innocence.

My name has been dragged through almost every newspaper in the kingdom, as a participator in a deed which from my soul I abhor;—in which I take Almighty God to witness I had no part, either actively, or by the most remote connivance:—to which I had no privity, and therefore could give no consent; by which, as I shall afterwards shew, I could have gained nothing likely to induce to so dangerous and abominable an enterprize, and relative to the perpetrators of which, I had scarcely any knowledge,—with whom, therefore, I had certainly no acquaintance, much less concert.

And here, before entering upon the circumstantial detail of facts, which will fully prove that these are not merely declamatory assertions, but are capable of being completely substantiated, may I not be permitted to complain of the *cruelty* that I have experienced, in being held up to general execration, on grounds of so light and vague a nature, that they would not justify even a common conversational report to the injury of any man; on which then, surely, no one connected with the newspaper press ought to have involved my name in a publication destined to go abroad to the whole kingdom, in a way calculated to inflict on me an *irremediable injury?*

Yes, too surely I feel that the injury I have sustained must, to a certain extent, be irremediable:—for into how many hands has my accusation gone, into which I cannot hope to put my defence. Besides, how many are there in the world, who believe in a charge of guilt with avidity; but how few are they who have the candour to accept and acknowledge the proofs of innocence! I have already been marked down as a guilty man:—this is a decision which the prejudiced and malevolent will not feel inclined to alter; which the indolent will not take the trouble to revise; and which the uninterested multitude will accept just as it is laid before them. Yet I do hope, that this statement will not plead in vain with those, to whose good or bad opinion I am most feelingly alive. From men of honour and gentlemen, I hope to receive the full benefit which a refutation of the charges brought against me, entitles me in the eye of justice to claim.

That these charges have been

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preferred on the slightest possible grounds (to say nothing of the infamy of the source from whence they proceed) I have already observed, and the truth of the observation must be apparent to all who have read the report of Dawson's trial. Bishop, the evidence against, and accomplice with him, certainly states me to be implicated in the conspiracy to poison the race-horses, but how does he do this? In the printed report of the trial, I find he is questioned by Mr. King—" Had you ever any conversation with Trist, upon the poisoning subject?" To this, Bishop replied, " No, NEVER!"

The whole then of Bishop's testimony, as far as I am concerned, rests, *not on his own knowledge*, but on the information he stated himself to have received from Dawson. And what is the nature of this information, and under what circumstances was it given?

Bishop declares, that Dawson informed him that I was employed in betting against the favourite mare. It is worthy of remark, that, to the success of the betting, this wicked accomplice *was directed to look for his remuneration.* It became therefore a *necessary* part of Dawson's scheme, when he engaged Bishop in the diabolical attempt, to amuse him with a story of this nature; and as honour could not be at the bottom of so infamous a confederation, is it not highly probable that the principal would endeavour to mislead the accomplice—that he would keep from his creature all knowledge of the *real agents* in the affair, in order that he might conceal the true sources of his profits? The reporter of the trial at Cambridge, describes it as having been abruptly terminated in consequence of a legal objection to the indictment. The account, therefore, which the public has at present before it, relative to this foul conspiracy, is very imperfect; and the reporter suggests, that the persons concerned in the transaction will yet be declared. When this takes place, perhaps the truth of the surmise which I have now ventured to make will be rendered apparent.

At all events, I neither experience fear, nor seek for favour. Let my name and actions be submitted over and over again to the scrutiny of the Court. I here publicly challenge and defy the criminal and his accomplice: if there exist proofs of my participation in their guilt, let them be brought forward. I demand that a proper defined accusation may be brought against me. At present, as I beg it may be recollected, there is no such thing in existence. Bishop, while he disclaims having ever had any conversation with me on the subject, does not even say that Dawson ever informed him in *positive terms* that I was engaged in the nefarious proceeding;—the utmost extent of his testimony against me is, that he was *told*, not that he himself knew, but that he was *told* by Dawson, that I was engaged in *betting*.

This leads me to allude to my knowledge of Dawson, the nature of which I shall shortly explain; and I trust it will be acknowledged to be in no respect different from that casual communication, which gentlemen attached to the amusements of the turf are in the habit of allowing to persons in Dawson's situation.

I have been accustomed to see the man at races, but I then knew nothing of him, or of his condition or character, except that he was a *pretended*

pretended knowing fellow, whose opinion, relative to the horses, I have sometimes received and acted upon, and in return for which I have occasionally paid him a pound or half a pound. In having done this, I believe I am far from being singular. Gentlemen of the most unsullied honour, think it fair and allowable to hear the sentiments of such fellows, and to guide their betting accordingly. The fact then is, that I have applied to Dawson, as I would to a horse-dealer or groom, to give me an opinion upon a horse; and I freely confess, *that I was induced to act to a small extent on his opinion in the race for the Claret Stakes.*

This circumstance is of importance to be noted for two reasons:—In the first place, because it furnishes a fact on which Dawson might ground his story to Bishop, supposing him to have mentioned my name to his miserable tool, only as a *blind*, for the purpose of amusing the subordinate agent, and concealing from him the true sources of profit, and the real promoters of the conspiracy. In the second place, because my statement of bets hereafter given, will shew that my interest in this race (in a plot concerning which I am accused of risking my life and encountering universal detestation), was of the *most trifling nature*; that my bets on it were in fact much under what I have been accustomed to hazard on a race—insufficient to warrant observation, far less suspicion.

I put these facts strongly to every candid, dispassionate mind. Do they not furnish a strong chain of circumstantial proof of my innocence of the abomiable crime laid to my charge? I have shewn that my knowledge of Dawson was of the most general description; and his accomplice, Bishop, I never saw but once in my life. Since Dawson's imprisonment, he called on me with a message from that person, imploring my charity, and pleading his destitute situation. I dismissed him with a pound-note, and this message—"Tell Mr. Dawson, that I can never again listen to his wants, until he has cleared himself from the charge that is made against him."

Is this a message from one conspirator to another, to be sent through the medium of a partner in the crime? But in addition to the testimony in my favour thus afforded, I have shewn that Bishop's evidence, taking it even as unimpeachable, does not involve me in the guilt with which I have been charged. He, although concerned in the conspiracy, to which I am supposed to have belonged, can state nothing against me of his own knowledge. The extent of his testimony is, that Dawson told him this—and Dawson told him that. He does not, however, add, that Dawson ever said I was concerned in the transaction, but only that "*I was laying on bets thick.*" I shall prove, that so far from laying on bets thick, my risk on the race was of the most trifling nature; and I shall also disprove the evidence of Bishop as to facts, in some important instances. Having done this, I shall trust to the good sense and justice of my readers, to admit that my character is vindicated. Surely I am not to be condemned in the absence of all proof of guilt, and in contradiction to the probability of innocence.

I shall now give an exact statement

ment of my bets on the Claret race; and I trust it will be received as a conclusive proof of the falsehood of the testimony of Bishop, as far as I am implicated in it.—I betted as follows:

On the *Dandy*, *Eccleston*, and *Perouette*,	100gs. to 100gs.	against the	Field.	. *Ambrose*.
On ditto,	50gs. to 250gs.	ditto	ditto.	. ditto.
On ditto,	150gs. to 150gs.	ditto	*Oriana*.	. *King*.
On ditto,	25gs. to 25gs.	ditto	ditto.	. *Oldknow*.
On Crispin,	*50gs. to 100gs.*	*ditto*	*Perouette*.	. *Collet*.
On Treasurer,	*50gs. to 60gs.*	*ditto*	*ditto*.	. *ditto*.
On Field,	*50gs. to 20gs.*	*ditto*	*ditto*.	. *ditto*.
On Horses,	*50gs. to 50gs.*	*ditto*	*Mares*.	. *Eades*.
On Oriana,	*40gs. to 50gs.*	*ditto*	*Perouette*.	. *Collet*.
On ditto,	*40gs. to 50gs.*	*ditto*	*ditto*.	. *Gulley*.
On Treasurer,	*25gs. to 25gs.*	*ditto*	*ditto*.	. *Eades*.
On ditto,	*25gs. to 25gs.*	*ditto*	*ditto*.	. *Eades*.
On Oriana,	*40gs. to 55gs.*	*ditto*	*ditto*.	. *Eades*.
On Field,	*150gs. to 50gs.*	*ditto*	*ditto*.	. *ditto*.
On ditto,	75gs. to 25gs.	ditto	ditto.	. Johnson.
On Crispin,	*50gs. to 50gs.*	*ditto*	*Dandy*.	. *Chambers*.

I stood the winning of 550gs. upon Perouette, to the losing of 505gs. and if she had won the race, I should have won 45gs. but having backed the horses against the mares for 50gs. I should have lost 5gs. Crispin winning, I should have won 145gs. Had Treasurer won, I should have won 105gs. If Oriana had won, I should have lost 150gs. If the Dandy had won, I should have won 145gs. Had Eccleston won, I should have won 195gs. This is the exact statement of my bets, as my book left with Mr. Smith, Clerk of the Subscription-Betting-Room, at Tattersall's, for the inspection of the public, will prove. The bets marked in *italics* were declared off, having been called to cover, which I did not choose to do; and my bets upon Perouette stood, which I determined upon, although I might have declared them off, by calling to cover, which the parties could not have done, as they were not at Newmarket, and by which I lost 125gs.

Now, had I been in the secret of the crime Dawson and Bishop were to commit, is it likely that I should have exposed myself to the certain loss of one hundred and twenty-five guineas; with the chance of losing one hundred and fifty guineas more had Oriana won? But above all,—and this is what I would press on the common sense and candour of the public,—had I been engaged in so detestable and dangerous a conspiracy, would I have contented myself with so small a stake on the Claret race as is constituted by the whole of my bets put together? Men do not undertake such enterprises without powerful motives;—but I would ask what motive could I have had to plot the poisoning of the horses, when the result of the race, whichever way it might be, was to me a matter of so very trivial an import? Nay, before I can be supposed guilty, I must be deemed not merely to have acted *without* a motive, but to have acted *against* the natural motives which induce to

such

such proceedings,—for it appears by my bets that I backed Perouette and the Dandy; the horses which, according to Bishop's testimony, I knew were to be poisoned!

I hedged-off against Perouette and the Dandy, because it suited my betting, as is proved by my statement, which in itself was a sufficient reason for so doing; but I was at the same time further influenced to hedge-off and back Crispin, because I learnt at Tattersall's that the gentleman to whom Crispin belonged had backed his horse, and that he had betted against Perouette to a considerable amount. This corroborated Dawson's opinion, who had frequently told me he was certain Crispin would be either first or second, for he knew him to be a better horse than he was thought to be: that he had been kept back to make him low in the public estimation, to prevent his being a favourite.

There is another circumstance which I may fairly put to the consideration of the public. Had I been a partaker of a conspiracy of so much importance, does it not appear probable, at least, that I would have prepared myself to make all possible profit by the nefarious scheme, by disposing of the securities which I am known to possess, selling my pictures, my carriage,—nay, even my bed, if necessary?

Besides, it is proved by the affidavit of Mr. Montague, that I actually had three hundred pounds in Bank of England notes in my pocket, when I went to the race. It therefore appears clear, that when called upon to cover my bets against Perouette, I might have done it if I had pleased,—and of course, had I been in the foul secret, I would so have done.

In the report it is stated, that Bishop swore to his being informed by Dawson, "a match at horse-whipping" took place, in consequence of my failing to cover. This is totally false;—it is an entire fabrication either of Bishop's own getting up, or of Dawson's, intended, like the rest of the story, to impose upon Bishop. This falsehood, which all who were on the ground must know to be one, materially supports the supposition I before ventured, namely,—that *my name was only used by Dawson to deceive Bishop*. He is obliged to give the latter some reason for not paying him the gains he expected, and he states, for this purpose, a horsewhipping that never took place; in consequence of which, he says, (*vide* the report) 8 or 900l. of my bets was declared off, *whereas I have proved that nothing like this sum was by me betted.*

In addition to these numerous and glaring inconsistencies, I must request the reader to observe, that the whole of my bets against Perouette did not amount to the winning of *one fifth of the sum* which Bishop, in his written confession, says Dawson and he were to share:—viz. 500l. each.

It is also of importance to my vindication to be noted, that the affidavit of Mr. Montague, subjoined to this address, completely contradicts in another particular the information which Bishop states himself to have received from Dawson. It is stated in the report, as a part of the testimony of the accomplice, that I accompanied the prisoner (Dawson) to Newmarket. The affidavit proves that Mr. Montague, and no other person, proceeded with me from London to Harlow: I then went alone to

to Newmarket, and returned alone to Harlow, where I took up the gentlemen already mentioned, and came back to London.

Such are the evident falsehoods, contradictions, and absurdities of the hear-say story sworn to by Bishop, on the authority of which I have been condemned as a participator in guilt of the foulest description. What may have been the motives inducing Bishop to introduce my name into his evidence, if he did not receive the information he states from Dawson, or what may have influenced the latter to give him that information, knowing it to be false, it is impossible for me decisively to explain. I have already mentioned it as probable that Dawson's object might be to impose upon his wretched and infamous tool; but this is merely a matter of opinion, on which every one will judge for himself.

It is, I observe, stated by the reporter (Mr. Kent) that he has perused the confession made by Bishop before the Magistrate, which confession has not yet been made public. According to this document, if we may believe Mr. Kent, "Bishop was to receive 500l. for this iniquitous work when completed, and a like sum was also to be paid to the prisoner, *from a certain person or persons*." The reporter adds, which (I suppose he means *whom*, alluding to the persons) "it is much to be regretted cannot be stated here."

By this passage it would seem, that there exists a narrative of a regularly formed conspiracy, possessing all the features of a compact entered into for a nefarious purpose. It would seem that there exists proof that "a certain person or persons entered into a stipulation to pay the agents in the crime, certain sums for their services." If this can be established, it will then be plain to whom guilt ought to be attached; and I do most earnestly pray, that this confession made by Bishop may be promulgated.

I here challenge and defy all parties to produce a single circumstance, bearing even the semblance of evidence that I was engaged in the conspiracy. I have detailed a host of circumstances all strongly tending to prove the contrary. I have proved the negative, as far as a negative admits of proof. Then, surely, I may demand that some matter of fact, something beyond the mere hearsay story of a creature employed as the inferior tool in perpetrating a detestable crime, shall be brought forward against me before I am condemned.

Had I entered into the conspiracy with Dawson and Bishop, is it likely that there would exist no trace of our meeting? Such dangerous doings are not conceived in a moment, nor executed without much previous concert. I repeat, that I never saw Bishop but once in my life, when I dismissed him with the indignant message which I have already stated. Dawson, I certainly have seen more frequently; but the subjoined affidavit proves that I did not communicate with him as one accomplice would with another. I generally saw him in Mr. Montague's presence—whoever might be with me, I heard what he had to say relative to horses, betting, &c.—Nay, I frequently treated him very roughly, in consequence of continually pestering me for a dollar or half a pound in return for his real or pretended information.

Is it to be believed that no document or proof of any kind of my guilt

guilt exists, supposing me to be guilty? Has Dawson none of my letters? Can nothing be produced from any quarter tending to shew my connection with the conspiracy? I again give a general challenge and defiance in this respect. I have detailed a chain of the strongest circumstantial evidence of my innocence. I have proved the falsehood of Bishop's testimony in many particulars; my statement of bets on the Claret race is of itself conclusive, and with this positive evidence in support of my innocence, surely I am not to be condemned on a vague hearsay story, which amounts to no more than this,—that Bishop was *told* that I was busily employed in betting. I have shewn that I was not busily employed in betting. I have shewn that my bets were very inconsiderable. I have shewn that I had no intimate communications with the parties with whom I am accused of conspiring. I have challenged them to produce one solitary fact tending to involve me in the conspiracy. What more can I do?—What more can in candour be expected of me? I am ready to take any means or adopt any mode that may be required to purge myself from the foul calumny, if what is here done should be deemed in any point inconclusive. May I not therefore expect of men of honour, and gentlemen, that my character shall stand clear in their estimation, from the black imputation which has been cast upon it by a villain? I am ready to meet the most minute investigation into my conduct,—I flinch not from the severest scrutiny. In conclusion, I repeat the solemn affirmation with which I commenced, by taking God to witness, that I neither had part in, connived at, nor knew of, the diabolical conspiracy to poison the horses; and that the testimony of Bishop, as far as I am concerned, is utterly and entirely false.

L. J. M. Trist.

Affidavit of Lewis John Marie Trist, of Frith-street, Soho, in the County of Middlesex, Esq.

Lewis John Marie Trist, of Frith-street, Soho, in the county of Middlesex, Esq. maketh oath and saith, that Daniel Dawson introduced himself to this deponent at Tattersall's, about two years ago, by mentioning the death of an old servant of deponent's, and afterwards began to discourse respecting horses and betting, and to inform deponent he had good information from Newmarket, which he would be glad to communicate to deponent, if he would permit him; and this deponent saith, that he had no further conversation with the said Daniel Dawson, from that time till Epsom Races, 1810, when the said Daniel Dawson advised deponent to bet his money on Whalebone and Oriana, which deponent did accordingly, and saved some money thereby; and this deponent further saith, that from that time to the month of April, 1811, the said Daniel Dawson occasionally called at this deponent's lodgings (but always unrequested by this deponent) pretending to give him information respecting horses and betting; and this deponent saith, that on those occasions, this deponent sometimes attended to what he had to say, but more frequently refused to see him, or desired him to go about his business; and this deponent saith, that whenever

ever he had any conversation with the said Daniel Dawson, it was always in the presence of any friend who might happen to be with this deponent, and never alone, to the best of this deponent's recollection and belief; and this deponent saith, that he never saw or heard of Cecil Bishop, till the month of August last, when he received two letters signed "C. M. Bishop," soliciting an interview with this deponent, on the subject of the said Daniel Dawson's apprehension on a charge of poisoning horses at Newmarket; and that this deponent, taking no notice of such letters, the said Cecil Bishop, or person so calling himself, came to this deponent's lodgings, and met this deponent at the door as he was going out; and the said Cecil Bishop then solicited this deponent to interfere on behalf of the said Daniel Dawson, whom he asserted in the strongest terms to this deponent to be an innocent man, and that the person who had been the cause of the said Daniel Dawson's apprehension, had been tried for his life, and would swear the life of the said Daniel Dawson away for the sake of the reward; and this deponent saith, that he informed the said Cecil Bishop that he would have nothing to do in the business; and he never heard from or saw the said Cecil Bishop or the said Daniel Dawson since, and should not know the said Cecil Bishop if he were to see him; and this deponent saith, that the statement of this deponent's bets mentioned and set forth in the printed narrative of this deponent, is a full statement of every bet which this deponent had on the Claret Stakes of the year 1811, and is a just and true statement in all respects; and this deponent saith, that so far from its being true that this deponent went down to Newmarket with Dawson, as stated in the evidence of the said Cecil Bishop, on the trial of the said Daniel Dawson, this deponent went in his own travelling carriage, accompanied by Mr. James Montague, as far as Harlow, and afterwards proceeded alone to Newmarket, and returned alone from Newmarket to Harlow, where he took up the said James Montague, and brought him to London; and this deponent saith, that it is wholly false as stated in the evidence of the said Cecil Bishop, that any horse-whipping took place in consequence of this deponent's bets being declared off; and this deponent saith, that when he went down to Newmarket at the time aforesaid, he took with him the sum of *three hundred pounds and upwards, in Bank of England notes, besides other securities*; and this deponent most solemnly declares, that neither the said Daniel Dawson, nor any other person or persons whomsoever, at any time, directly or indirectly, gave to this deponent any information whatever relative to the poisoning or giving any drugs or medicines, or the intention to poison or give any drugs or medicines, to the horses which were to run for the Claret, or for any other stake or stakes, or race or races; and this deponent was wholly ignorant of such poisoning, or intention to poison, or to give drugs or medicines to such horses, or to any other horse or horses whatsoever, and had no reason to suspect or believe that any such intention existed, or had existed, until such time as the circumstances respecting the same, were made known to the public by report, or

or through the channel of the newspapers.

L. J. M. TRIST.

Sworn at the Mansion-House, London, this 2d day of April, 1812.

C. S. HUNTER, *Mayor.*

Affidavit of James Montague, of George-street, Portman-square, in the county of Middlesex, Esq.

James Montague, of George-street, Portman-square, in the county of Middlesex, Esq. maketh oath and saith, that ever since the month of November, 1810, he has been in the constant habit of breakfasting with Mr. Trist at his lodgings in Frith-street; and this deponent saith, that Daniel Dawson used occasionally to call on Mr. Trist, pretending to give him information respecting horse-races and betting; and this deponent saith, that the said Mr. Trist sometimes saw the said Daniel Dawson, but more frequently gave orders to be denied to him, or that he should be told to go away; and this deponent saith, that he remembers the said Mr. Trist more than once personally telling the said Daniel Dawson in a very rough manner to go about his business; and this deponent saith, that he, this deponent, has also sent him away without the knowledge of Mr. Trist, well knowing, that the said Mr. Trist wished to get rid of him; and that the said Mr. Trist always approved of deponent's so doing; and this deponent saith, that when Mr. Trist held any conversation with the said Daniel Dawson, it was never privately, but always in the presence of this deponent, and of any other person who might happen to be there, and that their discourse was about horses and betting, and was without any secrecy or mystery whatever; and this deponent saith, that on the 29th of April, 1811, this deponent alone accompanied the said Mr. Trist in his travelling carriage on his way to Newmarket as far as Harlow, (whither this deponent went to see some friends), and Mr. Trist proceeded on his journey alone; and this deponent saith, that the said Mr. Trist returned alone on the 1st of May following to Harlow aforesaid, where he met this deponent, and accompanied him to London; and this deponent recollects, that when Mr. Trist settled the bill at Harlow in his way down to Newmarket, he counted his money in the presence of this deponent, and had then the sum of three hundred pounds in Bank of England notes, besides other securities.

JAMES MONTAGUE.

Sworn at the Mansion-House, London, this 2d day of April, 1812, before me,

C. S. HUNTER, *Mayor.*

SPORTING SUBJECTS, IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY THIS YEAR.

PORTRAIT of Crab, a favourite terrier.—J. Higton.

Landscape and cattle.—J. Ward.

Portraits of a mare and foal.—J. Baringer.

Partridges.—W. F. Witherington.

Clappersgate, with horses watering.—J. Ibbetson.

Portrait of a favourite hackney, the property of Lord Brook.—J. Ward, R. A.

Portraits of Banker, a favourite hunter, twenty-five years old, and Victory, a fox-hound of Lord Vernon's

non's pack, the property of T. Lovett, Esq.—J. Ward, R. A.

Portrait of a hunter, the property of Viscount Hawarden.—H. B. Chalon.

A stag hunt.—P. Reinagle, R. A.

Portraits of Blackthorn, a brood mare, with Old Jack, a favourite poney, the property of E. Mundy, Esq.—J. Ward, R. A.

Portrait of a charger, the property of the Earl of Portarlington, and a corporal of 23d light dragoons, who was at the battle of Talavera.—H. B. Chalon.

The cow-herd.—H. Milbourne.

Portrait of a favourite horse, the property of the Marquis of Huntly.—J. Ward, R. A.

Children playing with puppies.—W. Collins.

Portraits of a gentleman, his keeper, shooting poney, and dogs.—J. Ward, R. A.

The farrier's shop.—A. Cooper.

Portraits of a shooting poney, game keeper, and dogs, the property of J. Larking, Esq.—H. B. Chalon.

Cattle.—G. Grainger.

Portrait of a horse.—J. Baringer.

Portraits of a hunter and fox-hound, the property of the Earl of Portarlington.—H. B. Chalon.

Fox-hunters regaling after the pleasures of the chase.—L. Clennell.

Portraits of Stump and Hump, two favourite phaeton-ponies, the property of her R. H. the Princess Charlotte of Wales.—H. B. Chalon.

Portrait of a race horse, the property of a gentleman.—H. B. Chalon.

Landscape and figures: a sketch near Shefford, Bedfordshire.—G. Slous.

Portrait, with the interior of a smith's shop, from nature.—J. Emery, H.

Worthy, a horse the property of the Hon. the East India Company.—J. Hardman.

Bitterns.—E. A. Spilsbury.

A terrier's head.—A. Cooper.

Elizabeth and her colt, the property of the Hon. the East India Company.—J. Hardman.

Young plovers.—E. A. Spilsbury.

Going out coursing in the morning, with the portraits of a gentleman, his servants, horses, and dogs—W. F. Witherington.

Evening: cattle returning home.—J. Burnet.

A sand cart.—H. Kinch.

The break.—J. L. Agasse.

British Hussars skirmishing.—F. T. Manskirsch.

Portrait of an officer's charger of the 7th Hussars.—H. B. Chalon.

Portrait of a fast-trotting horse, the property of Mr. W. Burgess.—J. N. Sartorius.

Portraits of curricle horses.—J. Baringer.

Dead game.—P. Reinagle, R. A.

Portraits of two favourite dogs, the property of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire.—H. B. Chalon.

A game cock.—B. Marshall.

Humming birds.—N. H.

A man surprised by a snake.—T. Baxter.

The cheat detected.—T. Heapby.

Fish-market.—C. Town.

Pigs from nature.—J. Ibberton.

Heron-shooting.—T. Heapby.

Frame containing four sketches of French military costume, viz. chasseur, aid-de-camp, carabineer of the Imperial Guard, and Polish lancer.—E. V. U. H.

Portraits of a young lady and dog.—Miss M. Allen.

The trimmed cock.—B. Marshall.

Dead

Dead game after nature.—Miss Baker, H.

Cat and fish.—E. Bell.

Portrait of a poney, the property of —— Capper, Esq.—R. P. Nodder.

Study of fish from nature.—T. Heaphy.

A bacchante and panther.—T. Baxter.

Model of a true-bred bull bitch, the size of life, the property of the Hon. R. P. D. Burrell.—G. Garrard, A.

A medallion of Mr. Crib, the British champion.—G. Garrard, A.

FIDELITY AND INGENUITY OF A DOG.

THE mountains of Switzerland are in many places covered with enormous accumulations of snow, and this snow hangs over unfathomable abyses, which often prove the grave of incautious travellers. Sometimes these stupendous masses elevate themselves to the clouds, and as they have no other basis to support them than a shelving ridge of rock, that runs on to a point, the slightest impulse sets them in motion; suddenly they move forward, precipitate themselves with the noise of thunder, and overwhelm men and cattle beyond all possibility of escape.

In order to afford some security against the dangers to which travellers are exposed in these wild and trackless regions, inns have been erected, where the bewildered wanderer may find some refreshment, and a temporary place of refuge.

In these inns, it is usual to train up large dogs to traverse the steep and rugged foot-paths. These dogs commonly carry, fastened to their necks by an iron chain, small bottles filled with spirits, which they reach to the traveller, whom they find lying exhausted with fatigue in the snow, after which they conduct him to the inn destined for his reception.

As one of these dogs was taking his usual rounds, he found a boy, about six years old, whose mother had fallen into the snowy abyss, and was lost to him for ever. Benumbed with cold, and faint with hunger, the helpless innocent lay crying on the side of the path. The dog ran to him, and raising his head, showed him the invigorating cordial which he carried for the relief of exhausted travellers. The child, not understanding the nature of his offer, started with affright, and made a motion to escape. The dog, in order to inspire him with confidence, gently lifted up his paw, laid it still more gently upon his legs, and licked his hands which were quite contracted with the severity of the cold.

The child, not comprehending the meaning of these silent tokens of friendship and sympathy, made an attempt so rise up, but his whole body was so stiff with the cold, that he immediately fell again to the ground. Compassion for the helpless situation of the child, rendered the generous animal inventive; either with a view to warm him, or in order to dispel his apprehensions, he laid himself upon the body of the boy, and pressed himself close to it. The child, finding the benefit of the warmth thus communicated to him by the dog, gradually gained confidence towards him, and at length clasped his arms round him. The benevolent animal drew him along in this position with the utmost care to the

the inn, where every thing was done that was necessary to recover him.

This trait of benevolence in the dog excited the admiration of every neighbouring canton. A wealthy gentleman took the little orphan under his protection, and had a painting made of the affecting scene by an eminent artist at Bern, which he directed to be hung up in the inn to which the generous preserver of the child belonged.

ROYAL CHASE.

ON Tuesday morning, the 28th ult. a stag was turned out at Tower Hill, in Windsor Forest, before his Majesty's hounds and a numerous field of sportsmen. After traversing a large tract of country in high style, he approached the gardens in Wokingham, with the hounds in full pursuit, nearly in his rear; leaping several high fences, he entered the passage of the dwelling-house of Mr. Towse, wine and brandy merchant, in the market-place, penetrating to the shop, and behind the counter, on which he planted his fore-feet, supposed with intent to dash through the window into the street; but seeing Mrs. Towse he recoiled to the counting-house, and impetuously darted through the window into the yard, sweeping away in his passage a whole large pannel of glass. He then attempted to cross a six-feet paling, but his foot being caught in one of the spikes, it gave way, and he fell over. On recovering his feet he bounded into an adjoining garden, and from thence vaulted over a seven feet wall into a lane. After crossing several other gardens into an avenue, he entered Porch-street, and rushed forward to the market-place. It was a sight novel and highly gratifying to the surrounding spectators, to have the assemblage of deer, hounds, and horsemen, at high market, in full chase round the market-place. The deer apparently was much distressed, seeming nearly exhausted through great fatigue and strong exertions. Terror, however, forced him faintly on to a rivulet about a quarter of a mile from the town, from whence he was taken, and reserved for further diversion.

HORSE CAUSE.

Tried in the Court of King's Bench, Wednesday, May 20.

Gray *v.* Willis.

THIS was an action to recover 46l. 10s. the price of a horse. The plaintiff and defendant were both horse-dealers; and the horse in question was sold on the 9th of January last. The defendant told the plaintiff that he wanted the horse for Sir Henry Tempest, and begged he would let him have one without blemish. The plaintiff assured him it was right all round: and the question was, whether it was sound or not. A great variety of witnesses were called on both sides. For the plaintiff several swore not only that the horse was sound at the time of the sale, but that it was actually lame at this moment. On the other side, several witnesses proved, and among them Sir Henry Tempest, that the horse was sound the moment he received it. A witness of the name of Ions, who keeps a Riding School at Islington, proved that the plaintiff admitted it was unsound

sound at the time he sold it, and that he sold it as unsound. He afterwards insisted that the horse was sound, upon which the witness remarked that he was blowing hot and cold with the same breath. The Jury found a verdict for the defendant.

PORTRAIT OF A FASHIONABLE GAMBLER.

MONS. Tricheur is an accomplished gambler, has an agreeable person, an elegant deportment, travelled manners, and some education. Tricheur has the art of displaying attentions, and knows very well how *pour deployer* for his victims. Whenever Tricheur sees a stranger approach, he begins the usual fascinations of politeness, condescension, and offers of friendship. Tricheur has the art of appearing to yield to *your* pretensions, and thus imperceptibly establishes his own.

Tricheur has a wife, or at any rate a lady so denominated; for having married abroad, no copy of a register from St. George's, Hanover-square, or St. James's Westminster, could reasonably be expected. The lady, who is a German, has a fine figure, is haughty and condescending by turns, and her fascinations are of the most dangerous description. The sumptuous *suites* of apartments, the residence of *Captain* Tricheur, are thrown open about seven in the evening, to a dinner party of English and Foreign Nobility, and the lady, arrayed in thin drapery, throws out the rich allurements of her person, to aid the wine in her studied intoxication of her splendid guests, who are too ready to give up the safe and benign influences of good morals, for the deceitful enchantments of this accomplished sorceress. It is thus that gentlemen of rank and fashion, submit to pass their hours with an *adventurer*, and an *adventuriere*, for both of whom they have an utter contempt: but who, as they take *more pains* than others to *please* and to flatter, the entertainment is sure to be more acceptable.

In the evening a little play begins, and then it is that Captain Tricheur displays new capabilities, and his fingers, eyes, and tongue, are all engaged in the mystery, while his accomplice and partner watches the action of the last organ with the greatest fidelity, and instantly decides what suit he is to lead, by its place in the *left* corner, in the *right* corner, in the *middle*, or in its proper situation in the Captain's mouth. The pack once in the hands of Tricheur, and he knows every card, he deals out good and bad luck with more certainty than ever did the famous Mrs. Williams, of Store-street.

If the expert Tricheur meets with a stranger who has money, the first question he asks him is, how long he has been in the habit of play? and if he answers, six or seven years, Tricheur retires from further communication; he believes him to be what gamblers call *enlightened*, and he gives him up as a *bad subject*; but if the stranger happens to answer that he has only played a short time, Tricheur pounces on his prey, loads him with civilities, condescends to ask him to the table, attracts him to the *vortex* of his drawing-room, and makes him drunk with wine, with temptation, with the promises of good luck, and with the apprehension of bad; and at length strips and discards him as useless

to

to his interests. It is now that Tricheur flourishes for a time, that he appears in *new* suits and *renewed* spirits, and goes about arrogant and *triumphant*; but though this modern Cain succeeds in the virtual death of a brother, like Cain he also *bears the mark* about him; every body knows the gambler; he may impose with success for a time, but at length all society take the alarm, the hue and cry is raised, and the cheat walks the town, branded in the forehead, the object of contempt and scorn. B.

CHURCH BELL-RINGING.

THE ingenious author of "Metropolitan Grievances" gives us the following humorous description of the effects of Bell-ringing:

CHURCH BELL-RINGING.

> " Silence those dreadful bells,
> They fright the town from its propriety."
> SHAKESPEARE.

Scene.—*A crockery-shop in St. Martin's-lane, near the church. Tea company in the first floor. The Widow Pipkin sipping her fifteenth cup of Hyson, and addressing her daughter.*

" Cecilia, my angel, sit down to your *pine at forty.* You know your uncle Onion, cousin Biddy, and Mr. and Mrs. Screech, are *ramiteurs*, and have a deal of 'music in their souls,' as *Renzo* said in the play t'other night. Rattle up the keys, then, my darling, and give them 'soft pleasing pains unknown before;' a most feeling song, and a *perdigious* favourite of mine. Soft, tittle little tee,—dum di diddle dum. Why do you *essitate*, child? Consider, that *inquiring* persuasion is monstrous ungenteel. So, my nightingale, lose no time."

" Lor, Mar, where's the use of playing or singing whilst the great toms in the steeple make such a noise? Mercy on me! the drum of my ear is cracked. I really am alarmed for the goods in the shop. Good gracious! may I never get married, if I do not feel the house shake as if it were the shock of an earthquake. I declare I am absolutely electrified. What a sad thing it is to be nervous! Do, Mar, lend me your sal-vol."

" My dear Sissy, you must *void* novels, tragedy, and green tea."

HUNGERFORD COFFEE-HOUSE.

" I wish particularly to have some conversation with you, Mr. Dunny, respecting the renewal of the lease of the Abbey Farm, in—"

" I beg your pardon, I did not hear what you said."

" I want to talk to you about the Abbey Farm, in Lincolnshire."

" Westminster Abbey, did you say?"

" Good heavens! are you deaf? Your auricular organs were very perfect this morning, when I paid you the arrears of rent due from my client, Farmer Furrow. O! I conceive it clearly. These confounded metal-disturbers from steeples " pointing to the skies."—These clamorous ding-dong clappers, triple bob-majors, and treble bob-royals. Let us repair to Jack's, in Dean-street.—*Allons donc.*

Another part of the Coffee-room,

> " He sat upon his rump,
> His head, like one in doleful dump,
> Betwixt his knees, his hands applied
> Unto his ears, on either side."
> HUD.

" Hallo! Dick. What's the matter? By Jupiter, you look as melancholy

melancholy as a mile-stone in the middle of a common; 'as chop-fallen as a dried pear.'—Why—"

"Your cheek, where manly beauty glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercasts;
So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
Before the northern blasts."

"Owing to this vile jingling, my friend; it always affects me thus. As Dryden said, if my memory serves me right,

"My ears still *ring* with noise, I'm vex'd to death,
Tongue-kill'd, and have not yet recover'd breath."

Oh! if I could but hear a street organ, or the pandean-minstrels, or even a blind fiddler "rubbing the hairs of the horse upon the bowels of the cat."

Extremity of the Room.

Christopher Cacoethes Scribendi, Gent.—His visage reminding you of the lay-brother in the *Duenna.*—His upper garment, long since black, but now a rusty brown. His *weekly* treat of half a pint of port before him; also pen and ink, and sundry scribbled scraps of paper.

"'Ye Gods! what a bombation and *gingleation!!!*—It has caused the loss of a most warm and brilliant thought, which I was going to note down, to enrich a treatise I am writing, to prove 'The reasonableness, the usefulness, the salutiferousness, of eating mustard without beef, or any other accompaniment'—I mean to protract the work into sixteen volumes folio, with notes critical, medical, historical, traditional, and explanatory. The motto in the title-page, selected from Shakspeare's Taming the Shrew—'What think you of the mustard without the beef?'—Yes, yes, I shall astonish the literati with the profundity of my ideas as to this plant of acrid burning taste—'this roguish mustard, dang'rous to the nose.'"

(Here the ringers seem to exert themselves with redoubled energy.)

"Oh Lord!—Here, waiter, take for my wine. Ah! poor Kit, thou must retire to thy *clean, health-breathing,* quiet little back room, up three pair of stairs, in Dirty-lane."

Jingling without jangling. Tom and his friend, Theodore.

"Man's an odd compound, after all,
And ever has been since the Fall."

CHARING-CROSS.

"Theodore, how are you? I'm in high glee, the thermometer of my mind's cheerfulness is up to 88. How can it be otherwise? Hark! 'how the merry bells ring round.' What tongues and tones!—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8,—7, 6, 5; 8, 4, 3, 2, 1. I should like to hear a ten-course peal of grandsire triples, 6040 changes.—Rare news, my boy: the Isle of France is surrendered to the British forces. Do you know, the—I'm delighted with my new lodging in Cheapside, within two houses of Bow Church. When the peal strikes up it sets me dancing as if I had been bit by a tarantula. Oh! these sweet ding dongs are a cure for all bites from insects; an infallible remedy for all heart-aches, belly-aches, head-aches, ear-aches, and every other ache. I have just ordered a superb silver snuff-box at Gilbert's, price ten guineas, to be made *bell fashion.* Let us go to the Northumberland, and have a bottle of Sherry. There we shall have our ears tickled in high style."

"With all my heart—but with this proviso, Tom, that you keep yourself still. Cutting capers in a coffee-

coffee-room will not be altogether decorous; except, indeed, the little acid appendages to a boiled leg of mutton, if you happen to dine there.'

"I promise to be stationary. Come along—8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1. We'll fill our glasses *steeple high*."

What difference of opinion!—Many men, many minds. "Who shall decide when doctors (or no doctors) disagree!" Why—the author to be sure; I, by myself, I; in spite of L.L. D.'s, M. D.'s, or any other disagreeing D.'s (who may be A. S. S.'s too, for aught I know). I mean my opinion to have the weight of a law; therefore—*Ego et lex meus*, must and shall be attended to.

I am convinced that many of my readers, at times, find *near* bell-ringing to sound very much like a grievance. It is well enough *a la distance*, across a river, or on the summit of a hill, or "down a down a down, in the valley;" but even there it frequently impresses "loathed melancholy" on the mind; as the solemnity of the building, from whence the heavy peal proceeds, is incompatible with ideas of merriment. The hearer, perhaps, from that identical tower, a sullen bell

"Remembered tolling a departed friend."

But, now to conclude, and close up the whole, as they say in the higher desk in the church. A certain person will find *his* mind harmonized—nay more,—his spirits exhilirated, if he shall have afforded any entertainment by

RINGING THE CHANGES.

PERSIAN AMUSEMENTS.

WE are indebted to Mr. Morier's interesting "Journey through Persia, &c." for the following account of the entertainments given by order of the Sovereign of Persia to the British Embassy, when at the Court of Teheran:—

"On the 24th of March, Sir Harford Jones, the *Envoy*, was invited to an entertainment, which the King gave.

"The court, in which the different exhibitions were to take place, appeared to us to be near two hundred feet square. On each side of the great gate were sixteen arched compartments, each of w[illegible] opened into a small room. In the centre was a high pole, with a truck at the top, and small projections for the convenience of ascending it. This pole is for the purpose of horse exercises, and shooting at the mark. Close under the room in which the Shah was seated, was a basin of water, on the other side of which were erected the poles and ropes of a rope-dancer. In a circle round these, were fire-works placed in various forms and quantities. Four figures of paper and linen dressed like Europeans, were erected on high, and surrounded with fire-works. At a distance were elephants of paper, stuck all over with rockets; on the walls were rockets; and, in short, fire-works were placed in every direction.—Opposite to the Shah, in two lines, were the new raised troops, with drummers standing in a row at the furthermost extremity. In the centre of these was the *Nasakchee Bashee* (public executioner), who appeared as the director of the entertainment. He had a stick in his hand, and wore on his head a *gika*, a distinguishing ornament borne by particular people only, to whom the King grants his liberty.

"The first ceremony was the introduction

troduction of the presents from the different provinces. That from Prince Hossein Ali Mirza, Governor of Shiraz, came first. The Master of the Ceremonies walked up, having with him the conductor of the present, and an attendant, who when the name and titles of the donor had been proclaimed, read aloud from a paper a list of the articles. The present from Prince Hossein Ali Mirza consisted of a very long train of large folds placed on men's heads, on which were shawls, stuffs of all sorts, pearls, &c.; then many trays filled with sugar, and sweetmeats; after that many mules laden with fruit, &c. &c. &c. The next present was from Mahomed Ali Khan, Prince of Hamadan, the eldest born of the King's sons, but who had been deprived by his father of the succession, because the Georgian slave who bore him was of an extraction less noble than that of the mothers of the younger Princes. His present accorded with the character which is assigned to him; it consisted of pistols and spears, a string of one hundred camels, and as many mules. After this came the present from the Prince of Yezd, another of the King's sons, which consisted of shawls and the silken stuffs, the manufacture of his own town. Then followed that of the Prince of Meschec; and last of all, and the most valuable, was that from Hajee Mohamed Hossein Khan, Ameen-ed-Doulah. It consisted of fifty mules, each covered with a fine Cashmire shawl, and each carrying a load of one thousend *tomauns*.

" The other offerings had been lodged in the Sandeck Khona (literally Trunk Office). This was conveyed in a different direction to the Treasury. Each present, like the first, contained a portion of sugar and sweetmeats. When all the train had passed in procession, one by one before the King, the amusements commenced.

" First came the rope-dancer: a boy about twelve years old, ascended the rope, and paced it backwards and forwards. The same rope was continued to the roof of the room in which the King was seated, making first an angle of forty degrees, and then, in a second flight, an angle of fifty degrees, with its horizontal extension. The boy balancing himself with his pole, walked up the first steadily, and with very little more difficulty ascended the second, while the music below animated him in his progress. He then, with the same steadiness, descended, walking backwards, and safely reached the horizontal rope. After this, a man in a kind of petticoat began a dance of the most extravagant attitudes. A large elephant which had been in waiting amid the crowd, was next brought forward, was made to give a shriek, and then to kneel down, paying as it were his selaam to the King. A company of wrestlers succeeded; and every one, who threw his antagonist on his back, ran before the King and received a *tomaun*.

" When ten such feats had been successively performed, a man led in a bear, with which in his turn he wrestled. But the bear always had the advantage; and when his antagonist attempted to throw him into the basin of water, the bear got so much out of humour, that if he had not been deprived of his teeth, he would probably have demolished the unlucky assailant.— Then rams were brought into the arena, and in several couples fought for some time with much obstina-

 cy.

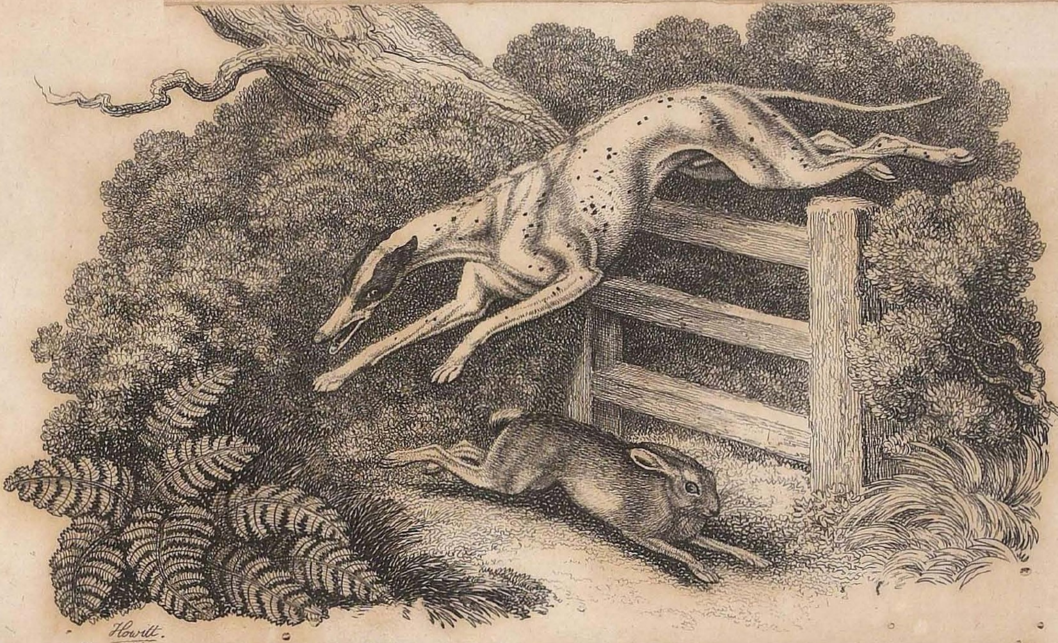
cy. A poor ox was next introduced, and after him a young lion. The ox was scarcely suffered to walk, before the lion was let loose upon him; twice was the lion dragged off, and twice permitted to return to the charge, which he always made in the rear, and of which the success was secure and easy. A less bloody display succeeded; a bear was brought forwards by a company of *looties* or mountebanks, and then danced for some time to the rude noise and music of its leaders. Then came a man who, on his bare head balanced, among other things, two high vases full of water, which another was to break with his cane.

"To all these different performers, the King threw different sums, as he was severally pleased with their tricks and feats. At sunset his Majesty retired to say his prayers, when his *Nokara Khanah*, that is his trumpets and drums, played as usual. At this moment, the Envoy retired, happy to escape the noise and smoke of the fireworks, which were to close the entertainment.

"Next day the King held the races, at which also the Envoy was desired to be present. From the Casvin gate, at which we left the city (Teheran), we proceeded about half a mile to a fine even part of the country, where a tent was pitched for the King. All his new raised troops were arranged on the right and in front of it. On the left, facing the tent, we stood in a line, near the Ministers. Directly opposite his Majesty were eight of his sons, richly dressed in velvet and gold-brocade coats, all glittering with gold and jewels. One of these carried by his side his father's bow and his quiver thickly set with precious stones. The Master of the Ceremonies, in the field, was a young Persian, who carried an ornamented and gilded spear. One or two of the Princes were mounted on white horses, the legs, belly, and lower parts of the buttock of which were dyed a rich orange colour, terminated at the top by little flowers. The Persians much admire this species of disfigurement, nor in the East is their taste singular. At about fifty paces distance from the Princes, stood the King's band of music with a troop of *looties* and their monkeys. The state elephants were on the ground, on the largest of which the King, seated in a very elegant *howdar*, rode forth from the city.

"When he alighted he was saluted by a discharge of *zomboorek*s; the salute indeed is always fired when the King alights from his horse, or mounts. In one of the courts of the palace at Shiraz we had previously noticed this artillery. The *zomboorek* is a small gun mounted on the back of a camel. The conductor from his seat behind guides the animal by a long bridle, and loads and fires the little cannon without difficulty. He wears a coat of orange-coloured cloth, and a cap with a brass front; and his camel carries a triangular green and red flag. Of these there were one hundred on the field; and when their salute was fired they retreated in a body behind the King's tent, where the camels were made to kneel down. Collectively they make a fine military appearance. This species of armament is common to many Asiatic states, yet the effect at best is very trifling. The Persians, however, place great confidence in their execution; and Mirza Sheffeea, in speaking of them to the Envoy, said, 'These are what the Russians dread.'

"No



ÉYHOUNE A. HARE.

o exhibition could be more ole than the races, the imme- object of our excursion.— are intended to try rather the n than the speed of the horses. rize is what the King may eased to give to the first s. On this occasion there wo sets, that came severally distance of twelve and -one miles; each consisted twelve ill-looking horses, d by boys of ten or twelve who were wretchedly u in a shirt and pair of es, boots and cap. In each the King's horses won, of . Horses are trained in this er for a reason sufficiently ob- , in a country where the for- of the state and of every indi- are exposed to such sudden es. Every one likes to be ed with some mode of escape, e of pursuit; now horses ued to running will continue gallop for a day together, high-conditioned and well- mal would drop at the end miles. For this reason the always keeps himself well ed with a stud of this de- ion, as a resource in the event accident. When, on the of his uncle, Aga Mahomed , he was summoned (by Ha- brahim, the Minister of the King) to assume as the heir the sovereignty, he thus travelled from Shiraz to Teheran, a distance of five hundred miles, in six days.

"In the interval of the race, the King sent the Master of the Ceremonies to desire the Envoy and his suite to come before him. We dismounted from our horses, and proceeded with the Prime Minister and the Ameen-ed-Doulah, before the King's presence, making low bows as we advanced. When we were about twenty steps from his Majesty, we stopped and made our final low bow. The King was seated on a high chair under a canopy, the sides of which were formed of gold cloth, and of looking glasses. The chair itself was beautifully embroidered with enamelled flowers and other ornaments; on one of the arms was a pot of flowers, and on the other a vase of rose-water. On one side was spread a velvet and gold cloth carpet with the pearl pillow. The King was in his riding dress, a close coat of purple velvet embroidered in pearl, the sheep-skin cap, and a pair of Bulgar boots. As he was placed in a good light, we had an excellent view of him. His manners are perfectly easy and unconstrained, with much dignity and affability. He first inquired after the Envoy's health, of whose good qualities the two Ministers then entered into an immense eulogium, praising him in terms the most extravagant. Then the names of all the party were mentioned to the King, and each was asked how he did. All the conversation was complimentary; and when the comparison was made between us and the French, the King said, 'they were *haivans*, beasts, wild men, savages. These are gentlemen.'

"After the whole was over we returned to our horses. The whole procession then returned to the city."

GREYHOUND AND HARE.

THE Plate here given, is another of the series etched expressly for the *Sporting Magazine*, by Mr. Howitt, and will, we doubt not, be approved of by our Readers.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT.

A Few days ago, a gentleman, while going to his attorney's, to *execute some deeds*, was overtaken by a shower of rain, and on returning *home* for his umbrella, was met by a friend, who asked him where he was going? to which he replied, I am *going back to the place from whence I came,* and afterwards am going to *the place of execution.*"

At the late Assizes of Omagh, one of the Marquis of Abercorn's tenantry was indicted for using an unlicensed still, and for having in his possession vessels containing pot ale. The witness called to prove the fact, was a poor woman in the neighbourhood of the traverser. On her coming to the table, she appeared agitated, and seemed evidently an unwilling witness. The Judge, the Hon. Baron M'Cleland, told her not to be under any apprehension, and desired her to answer the questions put by Counsel. Witness replied, "*Alas, my Lord, I am nothing but a poor unsignified vessel.*" The Judge, who had only heard the latter part of the answer, said, "Well, my good woman, go on—*was there any pot ale in it?*"—"Pot ale in it, my Lord!" replied the poor woman, "sure your Lordship wouldn't be funning me!" The Court was convulsed with laughter for several minutes.

On the trial of a ship cause lately, in Westminster-Hall, the Counsel for the plaintiff asked one of the witnesses which he was for, plaintiff or defendant? "P or defendant!" says the scratching his head, "why know what you mean by or defendant, I come to spe that there!" pointing to th dant.—"You are a pretty for a witness," says the C "not to know what plainti fendant means!" Some ter, being asked by the same sel what part of the ship he at the time? "Abaft the bin my Lord," says the sailor. " the binnacle!" replied the bar "what part of the ship is tha "Ha! ha! ha!" chuckled sailor, "are you not a prett low of a Counsellor," pointi him archly with his finger, to know what abaft the bin is!"

EPIGRAM.

TO keep within her teeth her ton
My chattering spouse I told;
Alas! she would not do so young,
And cannot now she's old.

At home, abroad, above, beneath,
She still keeps up the din;
For now, woe's me! she has no te
To keep her tongue within.

Upon a door in the parish Christchurch, Surrey, is the following obliging communication: —"Thieves will *please* to take care of dogs, rattles, men-traps, and blunderbusses."——Whether the thieves are to be *equally careful* of other articles, is not mentioned.

The Police Officer outwitted.—One of the police officers lately accosting a Jew, asked him, if he bought

bought guineas? The Jew replied in the affirmative; in consequence of which the officer inquired what he would give, and was answered, *one pound twelve.* A guinea was immediately tendered, the Jew requesting to see if it was good, and, when satisfied, gave the officer, to his great confusion, a one-pound note and twelve penny pieces!

A PUN,

On reading in a Paper of May 12th, 1812, the Marriage of Edward Reynolds, Esq., to Miss Sarah Husband.

The strangest metamorphosis in life!
That a HUSBAND should become a *wife*;—
And be contented with a silent vote,
Changing the *breeches* for the *petticoat.*
Perchance the Bridegroom while he holds the charms,
Of this his *female husband* in his arms,
Dreads a new change, and piously beseeches,
That she may never *re-assume* the breeches!

E. F.

MURDERING THE KING'S ENGLISH.

" General Crawfurd came in *compact* with the rear of the enemy's army."

" I am sorry for poor dear Mrs. Diddle's disorder; but I really believe if she follows the *regiment inscribed* by Dr. Diacholon, it will prove a certain *preventative.*"

" Pardon me, Mr. Ramsbottom, but your observation on this subject appears, I think, totally *irrevelant.*"

" I have no objection to a haunch of mutton dressed venison fashion, provided there is some red currant jelly *attacked* to it."

" I admire your house and garden near Gray's Inn-lane—quite a *Russian harbour,* as Parson Pigface calls it."*

" I understand that the supreme *Junto* are fully *surprised* of the situation of affairs in the north of Spain."

" I say, neighbour Snail, have you heard that George Scamper and Leonard Lightfoot, famous *predestinarians,* have engaged to walk, for a considerable wager, five-and-twenty miles in five hours *successfully?*"

Kitty Crab, a vestal in her first grand climacterick, chatting with Mrs. Parasol, says, "Mercy! Ma'am, I had no *reference* to draw from your daughter's conversation and conduct, that could the least *result* you. But I must remark, that her *detachment* to the male creatures—yes—I will lay my mode cloak to a brass pin, it will, if not *constricted,* bring her on *egressively* to *rumination.*"

A WHIMSICAL accident is reported to have taken place at the Prince Regent's Levee, on Friday, the 22d inst. The great State Lords with white staves, the Marquis of Hertford and Earl of Cholmondeley, being tired standing on their legs in the levee-room, sat down together on an *or-molu* table. The weight was too great for the flimsy French fabric. It broke down, and brought the Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Steward of the Household, with a crash to the ground. At that instant, Lord Sidmouth ran up to assist the mighty Peers, when at the instant an inkstand broke, and dashed all its contents over the Lord President's hands. He held them out as a piteous sight; but immediately said, with good humour, "Well! this is unlucky—I thought at least I should have gone out of office with clean hands."

* This is a *Latin,* rather than an English murder—being a corruption of " *Rus in urbe*"—" Country in town."

SPORT-

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE H. H. Meeting was held on Worthy Downs, Hants, on Tuesday, the 28th ult. On account of the very unfavourable state of the weather, the company present was not so great as we have before witnessed, although the sport was good. The following horses started for the Cup:—

Mr. Villebois's b. g. Burford	3	1	1
Mr. Norris's b. g. Winford	4	2	2
Mr. F. Villebois's b. g. Brimpton...........	2	3	3
Mr. Græme's g. g. Recluse	1	4	4

The Sweepstakes were won by Lord Rodney's Zephyr, beating Mr. Law's Claret and three others.

THE H. H. C. races over Soberton Down, Hants, took place on Tuesday, the 12th inst. and was as usual well attended; there was not less than two thousand people on the Down; all the gentry of the neighbourhood, and from Portsmouth, Gosport, Fareham, Titchfield, Wickham, and Havant.—There was a fine race for the Club Cup, which was won by Mr. Powlett Powlett's bay horse Blackguard (late Gentleman); it is the third year this horse has started for the H. H. C. Cup; the two last years he was only beat by half a neck; he is now seven years old, and supposed to be the best hunter in Hampshire.—The Farmers' Cup, given by Mr. Powlett, was won by Mr. Horn's bay horse, Hambledon, by Hermit, six years old, bred by Mr. Horn, beating six capital horses; from their appearance they would have run well for the Club Cup.

MADDINGTON Races were held on Wednesday, the 20th inst. and two succeeding days, on Stockbridge Course, Hants.

Sir J. C. Hawkins's Ringdove beat Sir H. Lippincott's Hephestion, 10st. 7lb. each, 50gs.

The Knole Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. Red Post in, was won by Mr. Elton's br. f. Totteridge, 3 yrs old, beating Mr. Worrall's May-day, and Sir J. C. Hawkins's Dorinda.

The Maddington Stakes of 25gs. each, with 30gs. added by the Club, four miles, was won by Mr. Dundas's Romeo, beating Mr. Pigot's Morgiana, Mr. Worrall's Hephestion, and Mr. Douglas's Turtle.

The Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, with 50gs. added by the Club, two miles, was won by Mr. Cope's Shoestrings, beating Mr. Biggs's Demetrius.

Mr. Peach's Romana beat Sir J. C. Hawkins's Ringdove, two miles, for 100gs.

On Thursday, Mr. Cope's Turtle beat Mr. Worrall's May-day, last mile, 25gs.

The Sweepstakes of 5gs. each, with 60gs. added by the Club, three miles, was won by Mr. Biggs's Demetrius, beating Sir H. Lippincott's Waltzer, and Mr. Pigot's Montidamun.

The Plate of 50l. for horses of all ages, heats, about two miles and a quarter, was won by

Mr. Dundas's Romeo, aged	1	1
Sir H. Lippincott's Crossbow................	4	2
Mr. Farquharson's Wood Dæmon	2	dr.
Mr. Biggs's Dorina......	3	dr.

Sir

Sir H. Lippincott's Kangaroo beat Mr. Peach's Romana, two miles, 100gs.

On Friday, Mr. Cope's Turtle beat Sir J. C. Hawkins's Dorinda, two miles, 25gs.

The Sweepstakes of 25gs. each, two miles, was won by Mr. Biggs's Beresford, beating Mr. Calley's Barbara, and Mr. Pigot's Morgiana.

The Handicap Plate of 50l. heats, the last mile, was won by

Mr. Calley's Barbara	1	1
Mr. Cope's Turtle	3	2
Mr. Radclyffe's Smallhopes	2	3
Mr. Pigot's Morgiana	4	dr.
Sir H. Lippincott's Cross-bow		dr.

At these Races there was not a great deal of sport, though some of the races were run in fine style. —On Wednesday and Friday there was a good sprinkling of company on the Down; very few on Thursday, in consequence of the rain. The Sweepstakes on the first day were well contested by Shoestrings and Demetrius, and unexpectedly won by the former, Demetrius being the favourite.

The King's Plate at Guildford, was won by Mr. Burgh's b. g. Hylas, aged, 12st. 2lb. beating four others.

On Thursday, the 7th instant, a very capital race of a mile and three quarters, was run on the Brighton Course, by Capt. Wyndham's Reading, 8st. and Mr. Pengree's Worthy, 8st. for 50gs. which the latter won by almost a length. Reading the favourite; 6 to 4 he won.

It has been observed, that all the English horses sent to Spain and Portugal are, soon after their arrival, attacked with a periodical disorder, producing swellings and visceral complaints, but which the Veterinary Surgeons have now found the means of rendering very slight, and of short duration.

The first meeting of the Barouche Driving Club for the season, took place on the 20th instant, when they dined at the Black Dog, Bedfont.

Sporting Obituary.—On the 16th instant died suddenly, in London, Sir Frank Standish, Bart. he ordered his servant, as he was rising, to prepare his breakfast, and on the latter returning in about ten minutes he found his master dead, who, it is supposed, expired in an apoplectic fit. Sir Frank possessed a fine family estate in Lancashire, and has left also a considerable personal property, but died without a will.—Sir Frank was owner of the celebrated racer Delpini, of the Yellow Mare, a winner of the Oaks, &c. also owner and breeder of Mr. Teazle, Stamford, Archduke, Paris, Spread-Eagle, Didelot, Split-pigeon, Eagle, and several other valuable racers.

On Friday, the 21st instant, at Stamford, died, aged twenty-seven, Mr. Lambert, many years huntsman to the Cottesmore Hounds. He was very much respected, and has left a disconsolate widow and eleven children to lament his loss.

On Monday, the 11th instant, as Mr. Joseph Pearson, butcher, of St. Peter-le-bailey, was shooting rooks, at Ledwell, in Oxfordshire, having just charged his gun, a rook, which another person had wounded, fell near him, which he in-

injudiciously struck at with the butt end of his gun, when it instantly exploded, and lodged the whole contents in his body. He languished in great agony about an hour, and then expired. He was an industrious worthy young man, twenty-four years of age.

LATELY died, at Cockermouth, Cumberland, aged twenty-six, the stallion well known by the *Brother to Driver*, by Trentham; dam Coquette, by Mr. Compton's Barb, out of the only Sister to Regulus.—And *Driver* died, September 17, 1811, aged twenty-eight, and was buried in the paddock where he suddenly dropped, in Lecconfield Park, near Beverley, Yorkshire.—They were both bred by the Earl of Egremont.

ARCHERY.—At a meeting of the Archers of Richmond, on Thursday, the 9th of April, (being a grand field-day) the honours were won, after a severe contest, by the following gentlemen, viz.:—Mr. Dobson, Captain of the Gorget; Mr. G. Croft, Lieutenant of ditto; and Mr. Ibbetson, Captain of Numbers.

A MATCH against time took place on Monday, the 4th instant, upon Portobello Sands, near Edinburgh, between two Officers of the 6th Dragoon Guards, one of whose horses was to trot, walk, and gallop nine miles in an hour, which he accomplished in the following manner, gaining the bet by half a minute:—

Trotted 3 miles in	$12\frac{1}{2}$	minutes.
Walked 3 miles in	$39\frac{1}{2}$	——
Galloped 3 miles in	$7\frac{1}{2}$	——
	$59\frac{1}{2}$	

ON Monday, the 4th instant, a match of cricket was played near Winchester, between eleven of the Loyal Winchester Volunteers, and eleven inhabitants of that city. The state of the game at the close of the day stood thus:—

INHABITANTS.

First innings	137
Second ditto	139

VOLUNTEERS.

First innings	55
Second ditto, having 5 wickets to go down	44

In consequence of the great number of runs in favour of the inhabitants, the volunteers gave up the match.

PEDESTRIANISM. — On Sunday morning, the 10th instant, a journeyman plaisterer, named Clark, upwards of 40 years of age, undertook for a wager of 2l. to go on foot from Whitechapel Church to Woodford Wells, and back again, in two hours and a quarter, the whole distance of ground being eighteen miles. He started at five o'clock, on a moderate pace of about seven miles an hour; he stopped to bait at Snaresbrook about five minutes, pursued his journey mending his pace, and reached Woodford Wells one minute within the hour; after stopping to refresh a short time, then started on his return, and arrived at the starting place, completing his wager in six minutes less than the time allowed. Bets at first starting were three to two against him, and a good deal of money was won and lost upon the issue; he was so much fatigued as to be immediately got to bed.

A FARMER in Devonshire, of the name of Martendale, has been for some time labouring at the Barclay

clay match, of a mile every hour for six weeks. The undertaking is for a bet of five hundred guineas. The pedestrian, who is a fine athletic man, of twenty-five, is backed by his landlord. He is said to be going on well; but the odds are two to one against his accomplishing the task.

ON Monday, the 27th ult. Mr. Barnham, a gentleman of fortune, undertook for a bet of one hundred guineas, to travel on foot from Oxford-street to Tatling-end, near Beaconsfield, and return (thirty-six miles) in five hours. Betting was much in favour of time at starting. The pedestrian did eight miles in each of the first hours, and he had eleven minutes to spare when he had accomplished half the undertaking. On his return to Southall, he halted at Mr. Holt's much distressed, but he continued his labour, and resigned when within three miles of his journey's end, unable to proceed.

ON Friday, the 1st instant, a Mr. Kneele, from Buckinghamshire, engaged on Finchley Common, to kill eighteen pigeons from twenty-one, for a wager of fifty guineas. What is singular, the adventurer missed his first two birds, and killed eighteen following; but in shooting at the last bird, to decide the wagers, it was winged and died out of bounds, (one hundred yards from the trap.)

SPARRING.—It having been notified that a Sparring Exhibition, instituted by Mr. John Jackson, was to take place on Thursday, the 7th instant, at the Fives-court, for the benefit of the British prisoners in France, the Court was immensely crowded at an early hour by the most respectable assemblage ever before witnessed within its walls. Amongst the company were upwards of twenty Noblemen, and many Members of the House of Commons, and the receipts exceeded those of last year for the benefit of the Portuguese sufferers. The professors of the fist gratuitously gave their services, but several who are in the habit of repeatedly soliciting public favours by this benefit system, and who seldom attend but on that solitary instance, amongst whom are Bitton, Dutch Sam, Mendoza, &c. did not condescend to make their appearance for this national object. Their absence was made up by the attendance of Belcher, Richmond, Power, and Cropley, who each set-to with different persons.—The fund of amusement was chiefly betwixt the Life Guardsman, known better by the appellation of the Nottinghamshire man, with Belcher, and then with Power. It was a match, in which each of these pugilists had a fine opportunity of displaying science against weight, length, and strength, and it would be difficult to state which gave best specimens. Richmond set to with a stout novice, and gave satisfaction. The receipts amounted to 130l. which was invested with Mr. Jackson to forward to the subscription fund. Police Officers were stationed at the door to prevent depredations.

A DREADFUL boxing match took place on Monday, the 27th ult. at Basing, near Hartley-row, Hants, between James Colbourne, a bargeman, and Harry Willoughby, a coachman, for ten guineas a side. The battle is said to have exceeded all others in ferocity and hardihood They were 14-stone men, gifted

with hitting, without knowledge or science. Both were hit blind before they had fought twenty minutes, but they were relieved by the lancet, and the combat was renewed until after fighting an hour and twenty minutes, when they were too exhausted to set to. They, however, recovered, and fought altogether two hours. It would have been impossible to picture their visages. Colbourne won the battle.

A FITCHED battle, for a stake of twenty guineas, and a purse of ten, was fought on Wednesday, the 6th instant, on Thorpe Common, Hants, between two canal men, of the names of Boulton and Seddon, each weighing between fourteen and fifteen stone, and of proportionate strength. The combat lasted an hour and seventeen minutes. At length both were so dreadfully disfigured, that not a feature could be recognized; and Seddon was put to bed at the George public-house, on the Common, not expected to live, after a drawn battle, for neither could be brought to time.

NATURAL HISTORY.—On the 14th ult. as Jas. Gray, of Grettleton, Dorset, was marking some timber in Leigh Delamere wood, belonging to H. C. Vince, Esq. he discovered a woodcock's nest, with the old bird sitting on four eggs, and the young ones nearly hatched.

A FARMER in the neighbourhood of Lewes, Sussex, having a bitch that had lost her puppies, took a pig from a sow which had just farrowed, and put to her, which she matures as one of her own whelps, and the pig thrives a-pace upon her milk.

A FEW days since, a horse, of considerable value, belonging to Mr. Milbank, of Sandford Mill, Essex, died, after a short illness. Upon opening the animal, a substance nearly as hard as stone was found in the maw, and which weighed nearly *eighteen* pounds.

Vienna, April 18.—Our public papers make mention of Mr. Flesentrim's travels in the Northern part of Siberia, and state some part of them which are actually very curious. He is now at Petersburgh, having travelled through Siberia as far as the Frozen Ocean, from whence he visited two islands, now called the Holy Islands. He there found a vast number of skeletons of the Mammoth, Rhinoceros, Elephant, and Whale fish, from which he considers these uninhabited islands as the burial-places of unknown generations. He has also found the pinions and claws of a bird which must have been at least three times the size of the Condor of South America, which is the largest of all that are known of the feathered creation, and the wings of which, when extended, measured from 15 to 16 feet. In both the islands, pathways were discernable, which must have been made by wild beasts. From all these circumstances, it is supposed that there must be a continent of land extending from the 80th degree of the pole, and which must be chiefly inhabited by white bears and black ravens, who are particularly fond of the climate.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GILBERT PORTICO is received; but we do not think the subject he writes on adapted to the *Sporting Magazine*.

POETRY

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

AN ODE TO BACCHUS.

From Ebrietatis Encomium; or the Praise of Drunkenness.

LET'S sing the glories of the god of wine,
May his immortal praise
Be the eternal object of our song,
And sweetest symphonies; may ev'ry tongue
And throat sonorous, vocal music raise,
And ev'ry grateful instrument combine
To celebrate, great god, thy power divine.
Let other poets to the world relate,
Of Troy, the hard, unhappy fate;
And in immortal song rehearse,
Purpled with streams of blood the Phrygian plain;
The glorious hist'ry of Achilles slain,
And th' odious memory of Pelop's sons revive in verse.

God of the grape, thou potent boy,
Thou only object of our cordial vows,
To thee alone I consecrate my heart,
Ready to follow thee in ev'ry part:
Thy influence sweet mirth bestows,
For thee alone I'd live and die in scenes of joy.
Thy bounty all our wishes still prevents;
Thy wond'rous sweetness calms to soft repose
Our wild regrets and restless woes,
And richly ev'ry craving mind contents.
Without thee Venus has no charms;
You constancy to am'rous souls impart,
And hopes bestow to each despairing heart.

But, what involuntary transports roll,
And seize, at once, my agitated soul!
Into what sacred vale! what silent wood!
(I speak not by the vulgar understood),
Am I, O God! O wond'rous deity:
Ravish'd, brimful of thy divinity and thee!
To my (once infidel) believing eyes
Bacchus unveils entire his sacred mysteries.
Movements confus'd of joy and fear
Hurry me I know not where.
With boldness all divine the god inspires;
With what a pleasing fury am I fill'd!
Such raging fires
Never the Menades in Thracian caves beheld.

Descend, O mother-queen of love,
Leave a while the realms above;
With your gay presence grace the feast
Of that great god, who bears a boundless sway,
Who conquer'd climates where first rose the day.
Descend, O mother-queen of love,
At rich repastsan ever welcome guest;
But O ——, too long you stay,
Already young Amyntor, brisk and gay,
His lovely Doris o'er the plain pursues:
The sparkling juice at Sylvan nymphs command
Richly distils from their ambrosial hand,
And old Silenus copiously bedews.

Hence, ye profane,
I hate ye all—fly, quit the field,
My ready soul gives way
To those gay movements this important day
Inspires—so to the conq'ror willing captives yield.
Come, faithful followers of Bacchus' train,

(Bacchus,

(Bacchus, most lovely of the gods)
Enter these bless'd abodes.
On high his verdant banners rear,
And quick the festival prepare.
Reach me my lute, a proper air
The chords shall sound; the trembling chords obey,
And join to celebrate this glorious day.

But 'midst the transports of a pleasing rage,
Let's banish ever hence,
By a blind vapour rais'd, and vain pretence,
Those loud seditious clamours that engage
Only inhuman, brutish souls,
By barb'rous Scythians only understood,
Who cruelly their flowing bowls
At banquets intermix with streams of blood.
Dreadful, preposterous, merriment!
Our hands all gayly innocent,
Ought ne'er in such confusion bear a part,
Polluted with a savage Centaur's mortal dart.

From this sweet innocent repast,
(Too exquisite, alas! to last)
Let's ever banish the rude din of arms,
Frightful Bellona, and her dread alarms.
The dire confusions of pernicious war,
The satyrs, fauns, and Bacchus, all abhor.
Curs'd be those sanguinary mortals, who
Of reeking blood with crimson tides
The sacred mysteries imbrue
Of our great god, who over peace presides.

But if I must wage war,
If so necessity commands,
Follow, my friends, advance your hands,
Let us commence the pleasing jar.
With wreaths of ivy be our temples bound,
Hark! to arms, to arms, they sound,
Th' alarm to battle calls,
Lend me your formidable Thyrse, ye Bacchanals.
Double your strokes. Bold —— bolder yet,
'Tis done ———— How many rivals conquer'd lie?
How many hardy combatants submit?
O son of Jupiter, thy deity,
And sovereign power, we own, and aid divine:
Nothing but heaps of jolly topers slain
I see extended on the plain,
Floating in ruddy streams of reeking wine.

Io victoria to our king,
To Bacchus songs of triumph let us sing;
His great immortal name
Let us aloud to distant worlds proclaim.
Io victoria to our king,
To Bacchus grateful strains belong;
O! may his glories live in endless song.
The vanquish'd welt'ring on the sand,
One health from us their conqu'ror demand.
Fill me a bumper. Trumpet sound:
Second my voice—loud, louder yet—
Sound our exploits, and their defeat,
Who quiet, undisturb'd, possess the ground.
Io victoria to our king,
To Bacchus, songs of triumph let us sing.

THE FOX-CHASE,

WITH A LOVE-ADVENTURE.

THE Fox had cull'd his evening food,
From good Dame Philpot's chicken-brood,
Where Bath and London mail-roads meet,
And sons of sport Beckhampton greet;
Took down the Roman-road* his path,
At Kennet's† spring-head freely quaft
That lymph, which flowing down the vale,
Is caught, and turn'd to Kennet ale.‡
Then skirting Silbury's§ wondrous cone,
By superstition's fable known,
The spot where Satan struck his spade,
Whose cleanings this high mountain made,
After the labours of that night,
When dug the chief of Hell Wans-dyke,
Skirting this hill, sly Reynard chose
The ground, where antient bards repose
At Avebury's sacred fane, to rest
Amid the hallow'd Druids blest;
And sprang aloof on Sarson-stone,
Proud pyramid|| of nature shown,

* Via Badonica.
† The source of the River Kennet.
‡ A pure beverage, well known to the travellers from Bath and London.
§ The largest tumulus in the kingdom.
|| Larger than any stone at Stonehenge.

Resting

Resting in seat, which folks declare,
The Devil hath made his easy chair:
And here, for aye, the marks, I ween,
His pipe and elbow make, are seen.*

Cool hours of peace, and sleep, and rest,
Bold Reynard's midnight-feast digest;
Until the fragrant herald breeze,
Whispers the morn thro' fir-green trees,
And finds him round as button roll'd,
Snuffing in dreams the neighbouring fold.

The twilight, like the Sarsons grey,
Had scarcely beam'd its earliest ray,
When thoughts alive, he rous'd from sleep,
And 'twards the flock began to creep.
At every step his piquant nose
Led to the prey, and search'd for foes;
While crouching shoulders, uprais'd ears,
And dropt tail, told his hopes and fears.

Now to the folden hurdles come,
He lower crouch'd, and look'd, and sprung,
And caught a lamb, and leap'd again,
And closely scudded o'er the plain;
Swift cross'd the road, turn'd down the Dyke,
Where Belford shrubbery charms the sight;
Belford,† I pause upon the name,
Of beauty, youth, in virgin fame.
Here ent'ring with an easy leap,
A sudden form arrests his step;
The shepherd he, with motion slow,
And other thoughts than of this base foe—

To be continued.

THE FINE FELLOW.

PLEBEIANS avaunt! I have alter'd my plan,
Metamorphos'd completely, behold a fine Man!
That is, throughout town, I am grown quite the rage,
The meteor of Fashion, the buck of the age.
Politeness, of course, having thrown on the shelf,
I worship, nor idol, nor God, but my-self:
I cringe to the Lord, pass unnotic'd the Mister,
Defraud my best friend, and intrigue with his sister;
No more in *dull* study, my time I employ,
No bookworms molest me, no pedants annoy;
Each hour of my life passes happy and gay,
Turning day into night, and night into day.
In the season, I deign to wake about five,
Though with so many aches, I am scarcely alive:
If invited to dinner, of course they must wait,
When six is their hour, I lounge in about eight,
With my coat flying off, appear crabbed and surly,
And *damn* the *low* custom of dining so early.

At the opera or play, to some box I repair
Of a grandee of rank, who is not to be there,
And extended at length, I survey the dull scene,
Without *one* idea what the acting can mean,
But because it's the best place, I know, "*to be seen.*"
But at balls and assemblies, my principal sway,
It is there I'm at home, and have all my own way;
What rout can be decent, what party can shine,
If absent the hopes of the butterfly line?

When a liveried slave my arrival declares,
How the footmen re-echo my name up the stairs!
What crowding and jostling to get a side view,
Of my *Petersham* breeches, and coat of *sky-blue!*
As I enter the room what whisp'ring is heard,
My rivals *astonish'd* scarce utter a word:
" How charming (cry all) how enchant-a fellow,

* All these things are very visible, though beyond the researches of the antiquarian.

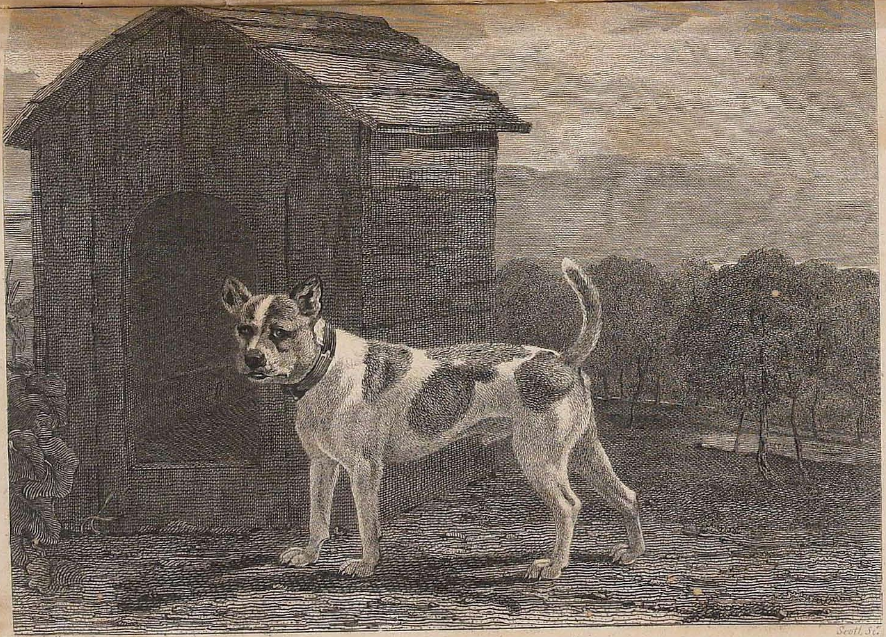
† Now the mother of the young Lord Dorchester, and the Lady of Sir R. T. Wilson.

How

How neat are those small-clothes, how *killingly yellow!*"
Not for the world, would I honour these plebs. with a smile,
Though *bursting* with pride and delight all the while;
So I turn to my cronies, (a much honour'd few),
Crying S—r—m, how goes it? Ah! Duchess how do?
Now though from this style of address it appears,
That these folks I have known for at least twenty years,
The fact is, my friends, that I scarcely know *one*;
A mere "*facon de parler*," the way of the *ton*.
What though they dislike it, I answer my ends,
Country gentlemen stare and suppose them my friends.

But my beautiful taste, (as indeed you will guess),
Is manifest most in my toilet and dress;
My neckcloth, of course, forms my principal care,
For by that we criterions of elegance *swear*,
And costs me each morning, some hours of flurry,
To make it appear to be tied in a hurry:
My boot-tops, those unerring marks of a *blade*,
With *champaigne* are polish'd, and *peach marmalade*,
And a violet coat, closely copied from B—ng;
With a *cluster* of seals, and a large diamond ring;
And troisièmes of buckskin, *bewitchingly large*,
Give the finishing strokes to the "*parfait ouvrage*."
With the women—I need not declare, I suppose,
That they call me the devil himself in men's clothes.
"He has so much *to say*, (cries each simp'ring maid),
"Lauk! how witty he was about that lemonade,
"How he jokes about candlesticks! don't he papa,
"And his teeth how delightful, how charming ha! ha!"
In short—with soft speeches, these creatures so cram me,
That nothing remains but to grin and cry "*damn me*."
As for love—I conceive it a *mere empty bubble*,
And the fruits of success never worth *half* the trouble.
Yet, as fashion decrees it, I bear the *fatigue*,
That the world may suppose me "*a man of intrigue*."
If I chance to succeed, which is rarely the case,
Why, of course, my good fortune is wrote in my face.
But if fate throws me foul of some troublesome beauty,
Who acts on a thing you Plebeians call *duty*,
Assur'd that the fair-one herself cannot tell,
A nod or a wink does my business as well:
I'm *publicly* rallied, wish'd joy of my fun;
The newspapers get it—and then the thing's done!
Plebeians *should* pay for Patricians' keep,
So I usually manage to live *pretty cheap*;
On some hundreds a year I make no little show,
And discharge *all my* debts, except those which I *owe*.

My virtues are num'rous, I ne'er tread on *toes*,
Because I'm aware it *might* injure my nose;
As for courage—what is it? A mere pinch of snuff,
I can frighten the women, that's *surely* enough.
I can brandish my knuckles, protest they are weighty,
And shew how I once *drubb'd* a watchman of *eighty*.
I can talk about scents, can descant on perfume,
I can lead down a dance, and bewitch a whole room;
And if no one of *fashion* or *rank* should be present,
Gad! I sometimes am *vulgar* enough to be pleasant.
Howe'er, then, Plebeians may rail or abuse,
This, this is the life a Fine Fellow should chuse.



Marshall Pinx.t Scott Sc.t

DUSTMAN.